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FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

CHRISTIAN ARCHEOLOGY,

OR AN ACCOUNT OF THE RELIGIOUS MONUMENTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

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BY L'ABBE BOURASSE.\*  
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THERE seems to exist, in this age, an unusual disposition to inquire into the reality and substance of things.—Of this, one of the best effects is to favor the manifestation of truth, to rectify erroneous ideas, and to make the sciences which once were hostile, not only impartial, but favorable, to religion. How many false opinions have been set right by a proper historical investigation! How many incomplete appreciations, and unenlightened judgments have been modified, or entirely changed, by a more conscientious examination! The middle ages, among other things, now begin to appear to us under quite a novel aspect. In place of the deep darkness with which they were once enveloped, they now present a marvellous manifestation of Christian genius, and appear fraught with the

most magnificent beauties. One of the most important branches of the history of these ages is, beyond doubt, *Christian Archeology*. The religious monuments of that epoch are all stamped with the faith of our ancestors, and those that have escaped the Vandalism of later times stand living testimonies of the ardent piety which animated those ages of faith and fervor. We begin to comprehend and admire all the riches of Christian art, all the treasures of poetry locked up in ancient cathedrals and abbeys.

“The religious edifices of the middle ages,” writes the Archbishop of Tours, in a circular addressed to his clergy, “do not only attest the zeal and belief of our predecessors, but offer, likewise, a striking proof of their knowledge and taste. We should, then, make every effort to save from the injury of time, and perhaps, too, from that of men, our antique sanc-

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\* 1 vol. 8vo, Paris and Tours.

tuaries, which may teach succeeding ages what genius, quickened by religion, can effect."

Excited by these words of his archbishop, the Abbé Bourasse, Professor of Archeology in the *Petite Seminaire* of Tours, has undertaken the task of making known these monuments.—But few works, up to the present period, had been written on this science: and of these, the greater part were mere local and particular descriptions, not entering into the philosophy of the science, but giving only general notions of the different styles of architecture during the middle ages. The avowed object of the learned author is to bring science to the vindication of faith; and to produce a treatise to this effect, comprehensible and accessible to all.

He sets out by giving some elementary notions of ancient archeology.—He describes the principal orders of architecture in use at Greece and Rome, and enters into some succinct details on the different forms of building anterior to the Christian era. It is easy to perceive, in spite of the perfection of the arts at that epoch, that the light of the true faith had not yet beamed upon those vaunted capitals. That art, it is true, presents something majestic and grand, but yet cold and inanimate. It satisfies the eye by the regularity of its lines, by an harmonious and well-proportioned whole, by the grace and richness of its details—but it expresses no idea, gives rise to no sentiment. It does not address itself to our intimate nature; it excites no sympathy; it does not penetrate to the soul; it says nothing to the heart of man. It is with the architecture of the ancients, as with their gods. They were the gods of the powerful and the fortunate of the earth. The rich found in them the companions of their joys; the convivial, of their luxuries; and even the guilty, of their crimes. But

the unfortunate and lowly of the earth were abandoned by heaven: it spoke no consolation to their hearts, and left their tears to flow, and their griefs to endure.

Passing then to Gaul before the Roman conquest, our author shows a different style of architecture. Those monuments—if monuments they can be called—evinced the profound ignorance, and, at the same time, great muscular strength, of the ancient Gauls. Sometimes they are mere huge isolated stones, planted in the earth, and varying in elevation from sixteen to seventeen feet. Sometimes these stones, united in a considerable quantity, form circular enclosures, which probably served as places of meeting for those barbarous people. Sometimes these stones placed two and two together, were covered by a third, flat and large, and formed a kind of table or altar on which they immolated their victims. These monuments, called *Dolmens*, are very common in France, and are always remarkable for the dimensions of the stones which compose them. In fine, the least grotesque are the *Barrows* or *tumuli*, a sort of made hillocks, the tombs of military chieftains, or the burial-places of warriors fallen in battle; and *covered alleys*, composed of two parallel ranges of stones, supporting a third range laid horizontally in the shape of a roof. Of the destination of these singular constructions we have no positive data: they are styled in general *Druidical*.

After these preliminaries, which are far from being out of place, he conducts us into archeology, properly understood. The first churches of the Christians were the catacombs of Rome—those vast subterraneous excavations into which they retired in times of persecution. There, the bishops and priests were concealed—there, the remains of the martyrs were deposited, around whose tombs the faithful assembled to pray, and



the divine mysteries were offered on the sepulchral stones. How beautiful were those ceremonies of the primitive church! How touching and tender are the recollections which linger around those altars of the first Christians! It was on the stone, still warm, as it were, with the martyr's blood, that the sacrifice was offered! What tongue can tell the mysterious transport of soul, the ardent emotion of piety, which swelled and burned in their breasts as they prayed amongst the altars and their tombs! By the side of those altars were to be seen fountains and basins in which the catechumens were baptized; who were thus vividly impressed with the necessity of making an entire and complete sacrifice of their persons, and who there could invoke their holy predecessors, whose bodies reposed by their side, to obtain for them strength to endure any torments for the truth, and even to shed their blood for Jesus Christ. Admirable communion of souls! It was by the sufferings of the martyrs and their prayers in heaven, that the Christians obtained grace to suffer in their turn: and the assistance which they received from their elders in the faith, they transmitted, by their own merits, to those who came after them. Holy brotherhood! whose common tie was the Passion of the Saviour.

Many usages, now existing, are derived from those early times. Thus, the tombs of the martyrs have served as models for the altars of our churches—and it is always on a stone containing some sacred relics, that the mass is celebrated. The necessity of shedding light upon those darksome cells, gave rise to the use of waxen candles, which still constitute a part of our external worship. The walls of those subterraneous chapels were often covered with pious paintings; and it is to those primitive days we must look for the

origin of the traditional and consecrated types of the figure of Christ, of the blessed Virgin, and the holy Apostles. Admirable types, which were preserved with so much care during the middle ages! "The tumulary stones," writes our author, "recommend themselves still to the eyes of the Christian antiquarian by some traits of the symbolic language of antiquity. The ancient writers had often compared human life to a perilous navigation. The Christians siezed hold of the idea, and frequently carved a ship in port on the tombstones of their departed brethren, to indicate that by death they had entered into eternal rest. The anchor represented the same idea. The lyre, the crown, the palm, and branches of laurel, were emblems of victory and everlasting triumph."

It is thus, in the shade and womb, as it were, of the earth, that the Christian Church sprang up, presenting so striking a contrast with the then existing civil society. On the earth evil reigned, in all its nakedness and horror. Men's lives were but playthings; and constant seditions exposed to perpetual danger the majesty of the empire. Vice, the most shameless, prevailed, and every day gave birth to some new species of infamy. But in the catacombs, meanwhile, was formed that society of Christians, which fructified like the mustard seed, a pure and patient victim, offering its innocent blood for the expiation of the crimes committed in the world. Its submission to the rulers, unjust and cruel though they were, was absolute; and its head was bent, without a murmur, to the stroke of the executioner. Always on its guard against the surrounding contagion of evil, it preserved itself spotless in the midst of corruption. It fled from the pleasures of the world, and closed its eyes to the se-

duction of riches; practising the severest mortifications, it prepared the way, in its shade and silence, for the regeneration of the world.—When winter draws to its end, desolation still reigns on the fields; the scene is all arid and lifeless; the trees, naked and sear, seem to be blasted by death; the earth resembles an immense solitude, in which broods a silence frightful as the grave: but, notwithstanding, a secret life agitates all parts beneath the surface. The grain sown by a provident hand begins to germinate and push forth its branches—the sap circulates through the body of the tree—wait but a while and it will be covered with leaves, adorned with blossoms—and all nature, mantled in verdure, will send forth hymns of joy for the return of beautiful days.

When Christianity was seated with Constantine on the imperial throne, it was left with the bishops to choose among the public edifices those best adapted to the new religion. They rejected, for the most part, the ancient temples, as well on account of their having been sullied with the unhallowed practices of idolatry, as also on account of their small dimensions. Vast edifices became necessary; and they cast their eyes on the *Basilics*, which had been used for judiciary and commercial purposes. They consisted of two parallel porticoes, enclosed by a simple wall in the exterior, and a row of columns in the interior. The space between the two porticoes, larger than either of them, was covered with timber-work, more elevated than the summit of the porticoes. This whole was divided into three parts, like the naves of our churches, and served to contain the crowds of people who flocked to the pleadings in the court; and at the entrance were the merchants who were engaged in their commer-

cial affairs. This edifice terminated in a semi-circular extremity with an arcade, called *Absides*, where the chief judge and his associates sat. They were separated from the public by a transverse enclosure where the colonnade of the portico ended, and were styled *transepts*: this enclosure was reserved for the lawyers. The form of the *basilic* appeared well enough proper for the Christian ceremonies and worship. The *Absides* was occupied by the bishop, surrounded by his clergy. The enclosure for the lawyers was reserved for the clerks and singers, and took the denomination of choir. The altar was placed nearly in the middle . . . and at the entrance of the choir were erected two kinds of chairs, called *Ambones*, in which the epistle and gospel were read. The lateral naves were occupied by the faithful; the men on the right, the women on the left. The inferior portion of the central gallery was intended for the catechumens.

The altars of the basilics were very different from those which we now see in our churches. It was a simple table of marble or porphyry, supported by four little columns richly wrought. At the angles were placed four handsome pillars, destined to support a kind of dome designated by the name of *ciborium*, on account of its shape—and sometimes also called *tabernaculum*. Between these pillars were hung curtains of precious materials, to conceal the altar at the moment of the consecration and the consummation of the sacred mysteries. In the centre of the *ciborium* a dove was ordinarily suspended, on which the eucharist was kept for the sick. It would be difficult, at the present day, to form any idea of the richness and magnificence of the altar and tabernacle. Gold, silver, bronze, and precious stones, were lavished around them. On the altar was placed, as a memo-



rial of the catacombs, the relics of a martyr.

When the seat of empire was removed to the East, the emperors carried thither the genius and arts of Rome, and erected some basilics at Constantinople. The ancient Grecian architecture had disappeared, but a new style was developed, conformable to the genius of the oriental people. The East was always the land of inspiration and of vague mysticism.

"From the day of Constantine," writes our author, "was to be seen by the side of the style transported from Rome, another indigenous style. The oriental genius began to throw aside its wings: afterwards, like a timid child, it seemed to sport amid the incorrect but brilliant colonnades of Balbec and Palmyra. Then, growing stronger every day, it gradually achieved its independence. Free, bold, original, it triumphed under Justinian, when the temple of St. Sophia arose at Constantinople." This monument was the *chef-d'œuvre* of Byzantine architecture, and the model of all the others which were raised in the East. They are distinguished by their rectangular shape, their central dome surmounting the altar which occupies the middle of the temple, the vestibule forming the entrance, and especially the multitude of little domes or cupolas surrounding the central cupola, and which are scattered here and there throughout the edifice like so many distinct temples. This brilliant and bold architecture, so different from Roman traditions, spread through the East, and constituted one of the peculiar elements of the religious style in those regions, during the 11th and 12th centuries.

We now arrive at the study of the monuments in the West during the middle ages. The barbarians take possession of the Roman world, and the ancient order of things has total-

ly disappeared. The remains of civilization are to be found in the sanctuary and the cloister, from which, too, alas! went forth, during a long time, all intellectual life. But after some ages of lethargy, Christianity again reanimated humanity, and infused her vivifying essence into its veins, causing it to produce, and realize, in the arts, the type of the beautiful, the marvellous imaginings of religious mind, and inspired into the breast of civilization an admirable fecundity and unheard of grandeur. Architecture partook of this ascending and perspective spirit. It had fallen, under the hands of barbarians, into a dull and unadorned condition, and continued so for a long time. But at the commencement of the 11th century, aided by the Byzantine traditions, it began anew to clothe itself with designs and varied sculptures. This improvement continued till the 12th century, which was marked by the first apparition of the ogée, a form of which the origin is as yet a problem, and the introduction of which is evidently due to religious inspiration. Severe, at first, and majestic, in the 13th century, it grew in the 14th to an imposing style of magnificence and richness.

The fifteenth century witnessed its decline: without losing its grandeur, it assumed a character of elaboration and mannerism, which continued until the sixteenth century, when it was replaced by a new form of architecture. The cold and regular lines of the ancient art took the place of the light and vivid style of the middle age, at the time when the last crusade terminated in Spain by the capture of Grenada, and when Luther sounded the tocsin of a religious warfare which desolated Europe. The archeology of the middle ages is divided into two great epochs, viz., the Romano-Byzantine, and ogéal; and these are subdivided

into three periods : the primary, secondary, and tertian.

The first period of the Romano-Byzantine art extends from the 5th to the 10th century. During this time, there was but little in architectural variety. The form of churches bears a distant resemblance to the ancient basilics. The red color of the bricks, mixed in with the dull green of stones with alternate precision, often formed the decoration of the archivault of the windows, and sometimes figured designs on the walls. This is the only manner of ornamenting, the only style of decoration, which the monuments of that epoch present. An evidence of the profound degeneracy of the arts in those dreary times.

In the 11th century, a most extraordinary revival took place. Rescued from the dread of the end of the world, which, it had been believed, was to occur in the 10th century, the minds of men seemed to spring up from their deep lethargy, and an incredible activity seized upon all.—Then was to be seen a powerful impulse working in all the intellectual arts, and especially in architecture, under the influence of Byzantine ideas, which then, through means of the crusades, were diffused abroad. Another cause of the perfection of this art was found in the mystical preoccupation of the monks, who introduced into their churches a crowd of allusions, of which, for the most part, the mysterious sense is now entirely lost. And at that epoch, besides, all the intellectual culture was locked up in the monasteries, which alone, of course, could furnish able architects and expert laborers. The churches then were constructed in a more solid manner, with stones of a certain dimension. In general, they look to the east. The choir was considerably en-

larged, and surrounded with chapels—immediately behind the altar was that dedicated to the blessed Virgin Mary. In the interior of the church, the clumsy pillars of the preceding ages were replaced by beautiful columns. The capitals were adorned in a remarkable manner which characterizes this epoch.—They were loaded with figures in bas-relief, representing fantastic animals, or else scenes taken from the Bible. The doors and windows were arched, but though very simple, they were magnificently decorated. They were covered with ore, and sometimes archivaults, loaded with designs and mouldings peculiar to this period.

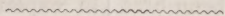
Towers for bells do not reach back to the origin of Christianity ; in fact, bells began to be introduced only in the 7th century. These first towers were very rude and massive, surmounted with a roof, and erected apart from the church. In the 11th century they were raised as ornaments, and were multiplied. There was one for each side of the grand portal, and a third for the centre of the transepts.

The 13th century gave birth to the Gothic style, so eminently religious, and so admirably adapted to the Christian symbolization. In the 14th, it continued with increased enthusiasm, and spread itself out in all its sublimity and perfection.

From this analysis of the work of L'Abbé Bourasse, the reader will judge of the character and value of the whole : and, in the beautiful language of the author, we conclude : " Let us admire the monuments of our fathers' piety ; let us participate in their hopes, let us imitate their devotion and faith. Let us penetrate even into the sanctuary to contemplate and admire—but more often yet to adore and pray therein."



## HINTS TO CONVERTS, MORE ESPECIALLY NEOPHYTES, WITH DEDUCTIONS THEREFROM.



THE conversion to the Catholic faith, of one who has been brought up and carefully instructed in a creed which use, prejudice, association, or long conviction, has made more than second nature, has ever seemed to us a high standing miracle, and continuous confirmation of the truth of God's Church upon earth. It is the attestation of one that has been her enemy ; it is a confession drawn out by the power of conviction ; it is the bending of human thought to the inscrutable majesty of Divine government, and, in a certain sense, a constrained, though afterwards a willing acknowledgment of the absolute inferiority of what man, at his best, can do, when put in competition with what emanates from the Divine Mind, and is upheld by the daily instance of an Omnipotent Providence. Material miracles, though oftentimes vouchsafed to the servants of God, for the comfort and cheer of the faithful, are comparatively less convincing, than such as that which takes place in the soul of the convert ; seeing that the power must be so much higher that can influence the immortal spirit, than what affects the gross and inanimate ; and farther, that the latter have occasionally been subject to the power of evil agency, while the former can alone be bent by the sweet influence of supernatural grace. If, then, the gift of miracles occasionally displayed to cheer some who, *from being ever faithful*, may be ignorant of the vast wonders that take place in the conversion of one who knew not the

truth, to the full light of truth, it is well to bring this subject often before our notice, that so we may let n day pass without drawing new draughts of much refreshment from the consideration of this standing miracle of grace, which, thanks to the goodness of God, is *now* of so oft recurrence amongst us ; and surely if this beget in us the fruit that it is but due it should, we shall be all the better for the contemplation ; and others yet fast limed in heresy may, by holy prayers, have their wings freed from the foul attachment, so that they may henceforth soar, "like the seeled dove," in one direction ; and that is—up to heaven !

When the convert looks back on his past state, and, independent of the evils of his sinful life, reflects on the insecurity and untenableness of what he once believed, he may well tremble and adore that hand of mercy that called him all unwilling from the tottering and shifting sands of error, to the firm footing of the rock of the church. Here, firmly planted, he rests, rejoicing a while for the ease of sweet conviction, after the toils and perils of the past ; but how soon, in trembling gratitude, does he look back on the fearful dangers he has escaped ; how zealous he is to recover the time that is lost ; how anxious that others most dear may come, like him, to the holy ark ; how continual in prayer, not for himself alone, but for all, that whether they know the faith, but make light of it in practice, or whether they know it not and

sin, it may be in ignorance, that all may be brought to cast off their lightness or their error, and taking up the yoke of Christ, find in every deed that it is sweet, and his burden easy.

It has often recurred to us, that the faithful (and by such, in this place, we mean those who have been bred from infancy in the graces of the holy sacraments) are generally not aware of the *infinite* distance that there is between a belief in the Catholic faith, and that which is professed by men who have chosen a creed for themselves, or been brought up in the school of those who formerly protested against her authoritative teaching; nor is this distance decreased by an apparent proximity in certain outward or inward ceremonies or doctrines, but rather made the greater, like the aversion which the negative has from the positive pole, is increased by being brought into sudden collision. Settled and grounded in the faith themselves, they are too apt to think it wondrous that others should still be at open enmity with truth, and to argue and reprove, as obstinacy, *wilfully* blind and perverse; when all the while it may, and must be, in much measure, ignorance.—For the *interior* doctrines of the Catholic Church are the last that are revealed to the inquirer after truth; and there are many who are lured, and love the faith, as it were, in the porch of the church, who are ignorant of the supersubstantial beauty of what they learn in the sanctuary. Hence the Catholic should be tender in his bearing to his erring brother, even the more because of the vast distance that separates their several beliefs: and it behooves him often to reflect on this truth; that except in case of willing apostacy, or a sensual apostacy for a while, through the dread the flesh has to forsake its sordid gratifications, no person out of the

Catholic Church can know what her true doctrines are; for in the day he comes to this knowledge he ceases to be an unbeliever, and takes the ready and due steps to procure his reconciliation with, and reception into the church.

This will in some measure serve to explain whence it is that the brawling controversialist continues to attack, and not to see that every point has been defended. Hence, too, it is that we painfully listen to weak and straw-like objections, often childish, in the mouth of men, who may be learned, and, on other matters, sound reasoners. Hence it is that unimportant *externals* are cavilled at, when the great line of argument is left untrod; and hence, too, frequently, if these should fail, that the *personal* defects, scandals, or weaknesses of individual Catholics are so readily pressed into their service, as arguments, and arrayed with precious effrontery round the outposts of error, like pickets, to harass the advance of truth against their own crumbling and ill-fashioned works. But if we, who have the shield of faith, the sword of prayer, and the whole armor of salvation, but called to mind that those who resist us do so with clouded intellect, and hearts untouched by grace, surely we would both bear and forbear; and using our arms in the spirit of charity, above all, *the sword of prayer*, abide with patience the malevolence of the enemy, and impetrate meanwhile the whole court of heaven in their behalf; saying, with the holy protomartyr, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge;" or, with our sweet Lord on the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"I have seen whole swarms of flies attracted by a drop of honey," says St. Francis de Sales; "but not one drawn round a basin of vinegar:" and our own Spenser says, "An



bounce of sweet is worth a pounce of sowre." So if we but follow the advice of the saint and the poet towards those who are without the ark, we may gain some of them, and assuredly not in accordance, so far as we are concerned, with the principles of the Gospel and the earnest wish of the church. It is not by noise, or rhetoric, or angry chiding, that we can guide and maintain discipline in our domestic circles, but by gentleness and forbearance; so, that even in reproof the affections are gained, and the machinery of social life runs smooth and noiseless. If it so be with those we love, how much more then with him we both love and pity; for he is our brother, though he be in error: Christ died for him, though it may be he know it not; the fountains of the Church flow for him, though he may be still quenching his thirst at the waters that perish; the bread of life is for him, though he is fain to take his fill of the husks of swine; and the gates of heaven are still open for him, though he is yet wandering desolate on the mountains of vanity. "Who art thou," says a holy father, "that judgest thy brother, in whose heart the seeds of conversion may now be cast, to be ripened one day in tears, when thou, by thy pride, wherein thou hast plumed thyself, and hast despised him, shalt be thyself cast out?"

When the convert looks back on the time when he was ignorant, and yet out of the pale of the Church, the contrast between his state then and now, is both humiliating and instructive. His best endeavors (and we will suppose one earnestly striving after truth) were given for some substantial basis on which to rest; and if, blinded by an inferior sense, he seemed at times to have attained his object, and rested secure in the *sensible* pleasure which his fervor or diseased imagination

may have conjured up, yet in a day the vision has melted before his eyes, and he has been left to mourn, in bitterness of spirit, the vanity of his deception. He may have moulded a system of belief from the holy Scriptures, and rested with content for a while, in the support that he thought most surely his preconceived notions received from the undoubted Word of God; but when he looked around, and saw others, whom he regarded as good and holy men, deriving most opposite conclusions from the very proofs of his belief, he could not but come to this alternative,—either that *they* were in gross error, or that *his* own judgment was to be mistrusted; for he could not believe that both could be right on points, doubtless of much moment, nor could he condemn them, without constituting *himself* as an infallible interpreter of the holy Scriptures,—a conclusion logically just, but which so many of our erring brethren have not the boldness to look in the face of,—*for without an infallible guide*, (and it must be *one of two—the individual, or God's Church*), the state of the individual must be indeed most wavering and wretched: and such the inquirer is, who is first touched by the unseen, perhaps unnoticed, calls of grace.

But who can describe the long anxiety, the doubts, and wavering, of the approach of such a one to the verge of the Church? SHE is the last generally to whom his eyes are directed; he sees she is *dark* but not *beautiful*; and such are the prejudices of early years, instilled with most subtle assiduity, that rise up to scare him from her who is the byword of all men, and the theme of every popular error in word and doctrine, that it is a very miracle that leads him to examine some of her externals. But when he draws near, how strangely does he find

that she has been misrepresented; how does he wonder in silence, to find so much beauty under what he has been wont to hold as the very old age of superstition, the rust of ages; and the palpable proof of what he feels, if he be humble, that the hand of man is sure to leave its tarnish on whatever brightness it may chance to touch. If he approach, he is met at the verge—such is the malice of the evil one, and such his own darkness—too often with what his eyes, yet unused to light, cannot bear to look on. Fanciful objections, and cunningly devised obstructions—both of which have no existence but in his imagination—scare him away from the fold; an unguarded look or word of an individual Catholic (and how narrowly he then watches every one professing the Catholic name!)—a practice or conduct indulged in by *them*, but considered by *him* often as unwarrantable, often as profane—recollections of old stories of the wily *Jesuitry* of the priesthood, and countless untangible and silly charges, all without so much as one inch of ground for foundation, fill his mind, that in everything else is bold, with childish affright, and keep him at a distance from the fold, suspended on the tenterhooks of doubt, anxiety, and disappointment. Again, being as yet unfledged and unaided by that plenitude of grace and light which the sacraments of the Church bestow, but laboring unaided and alone, with presumption he joins much of his own with the received teaching of the Church, which but too frequently distorts, through the unfair medium, the symmetry of her form, and keeps him back, arguing against, or for, what often has no existence but in his preconception. Nor are these the only delusions with which the enemy of mankind endeavors to turn away the child of grace from the goodly land of prom-

ise and rest. Unquiet himself, he knows not by experience the rest that awaits him beyond the spiritual Jordan; and hence the allurements of the world, and the pride of life, and the unseemly entanglements of the flesh, press each their claim with treble violence,—now urging their usual sneers against poverty of spirit,—now rebelling against the humility of the way of the cross,—now pleading for sensual ease and contentment, and making a bugbear of the ascetic practices and wise restraints, which the Church has imposed on her loving children. Oh! if such a one but knew how sweet the thorny way of the cross is,—how goodly is the fault that springs from fasting and penance,—how richly strewn with heavenly flowers, that blossom even here, but that shall bloom for all eternity, is the mournful path that leads to Calvary,—well might he lift his voice in prayer to the “queen of martyrs, who stood beside the cross of Jesus,”\* and say:

“Eja, Mater, obsecramus  
Per tuas has lacrymas;  
Filiique triste funus,  
Vulnerumque purpuram,  
Hunc tui cordis dolorem  
Conde nostris cordibus!”†

For oh! it is better a thousand fold to shed in spirit one tear with Mary at the foot of the cross, than to live in luxury, and every surfeit of joy, for the years that our globe shall run in its appointed cycle.

But notwithstanding all these rebukes, that almost wilful putting the mind away from the crowning step that is to bring his feet within the gates of the material temple of peace, yet such are the sweet attractions of Divine Grace, that, to borrow an expression of our elder authors, *he cannot choose* but to turn again, and look, and admire, and long,

\* Versic. et Resp. post Hymnum Sequen.

† Hymn. Eccles. in Fest. Dolor. B. V. M.



even over the weighty and many objections that his distempered fancy may have, like a passing cloud, gathered round his judgment, to scare him away from the heavenly magnet. Hear the parallel which, in his Christian warfare, *after* he has been received into the Church, the faithful convert may full often experience. He shall meet with temptations that will arise around him, and darken his soul with sorrow,—the sun of contentment may be withdrawn for a while, the soul must enter the cloud, and learn, in the day of trial and temptation, to love God, by the way of the cross, in humiliation and seeming abandonment, in the want of sensible ease, and lack of consolation without and within; but yet, if he be only faithful, and possess his soul in patience, mingling tears with his bread of affliction, how wondrously and copiously shall he be one day rewarded, how rich and plenteous one day shall the streams of gladness be that shall overflow his soul! Gentle reader, this instruction is from the experience of the great St. Bernard.

It is then that he looks back on the dangers he has passed, and clings with more and better trust to the rock of salvation. Scales, as it were, have fallen from his eyes; and the same light that serves to show more vividly his present position, reveals also the perils and uncertainties of his former state; but with this light comes also thoughtful charity; and with the graces that spring from the holy sacraments, comes also forbearance to those who are still in the path of error. Let every convert read his own heart in silence and solicitude; and if he see not daily and hourly cause to mourn over his *present* despite to the most plenteous light which has been vouchsafed to him, then may he “cast the first stone,” and reprove, as reproof is demanded; but there is little need

of this from him; and sad experience will only each day show, that if reproof be fitting, it must not come from his mouth,—that forbearance is all that he should show,—and a cautious bearing, such that his example may not mislead while it ought to guide,—his uncharitableness harden what his charity should have melted—his presumption disgust, where humility should have won the heart.

There is, perhaps, no greater trial for a convert than the sorrow and pain he feels, that those near and dear to him should not partake of the sweet rest which he himself hath come to,—a pain enhanced by the proximity of the object loved, and the heavenly consolation the convert inwardly feels. It is a continual warfare of the heart, an inward wasting sorrow, which nothing but hope in the divine goodness can alleviate. But in this goodness, there is good ground for consolation, though for trial’s sake, and for his own good, the day of contentment may be often deferred. Suddenly brought into the light himself, the convert at first knows no bounds to his zeal; judging all by his own impulses, and lacking discretion, he is zealous without prudence, and often adds new stings to his own sorrow, by his unreasonable fervor. He forgets that he is still but a neophyte,—he overlooks that he was called by the grace of God into the Church,—that vain is the help of man but as God pleases, and when he pleases,—and that which he earnestly longs for is often withheld, sometimes in punishment of unnoticed presumption on his part, but oftener in love, that his faith, and hope, and charity, may be made more strong, and that his prayers may rise in intercession for those he loves, with such fervor and devotion, that even should it not be pleased to vouchsafe an answer in his days, that yet an answer may be meanwhile given in his own per-

son, by the greater purity and devotion that are sure to follow in the wake of fervent and unselfish prayer. "*Sicut enim igne probatur argentum, et aurum camino; ita corda probat DOMINUS.*" (Prov. xvii. 3.)

Hence it is that we would strongly urge on all converts a sound discretion, and for a while the negative virtue of RESERVE. The intention may be pure, the zeal without alloy, and the intellect wondrously illuminated; but too often zeal without knowledge made perfect, betrays the votary despite the intention, and where, in a little while, good might have resulted, evil has taken its place. "*Væ mundo a scandalis!*" says our blessed Saviour, and to beware of scandal should be written in the heart of every convert. He must learn—and he has much to learn—at the foot of the cross; and as St. Bruno, to mention one out of many, drew all his spiritual knowledge from kneeling there, so let him go and do in like manner. Then shall not pride mislead, neither vanity turn astray;—then shall the heart be changed, and the din of worldly bickering be silenced and despised; the passions of strife and anger shall be subdued, and the meekness of the Christian conduct take the place of their deceitful allurements: no malice that long works unseen, like smouldering fire, shall lurk within till a fitting cause force it into a flame; neither shall the Church of God have to mourn over the scandals of a son whom she loved and cherished, and still is ready to welcome back with open arms. The holy prayer of intercession that rises up for others before the "dear remembrance of our dying Lord," shall return with benediction on the heart that gives it utterance, and like the thurible that throws up its clouds of rich incense, is itself perfumed with what it gave to God, so shall the heart of him that lifts up

its voice for others, be itself made redolent with that purer incense which angels gather in golden vials, and offer ceaselessly before the throne of the Eternal!

Above all, the convert should never forget that he has been called into the Church *by the grace of God*. So long as he writes this on his phylactery he is safe: it will be a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path. But at the same time the restless enemy of mankind is ever ready to come forward and mingle other elements with this single and only one; and so wily and deceitful are his lures, that it often happens that the *Felix culpa* of St. Augustine were better than the going on blindly in his presumption. The caresses of the world are more to be feared than its frowns;—the cup of Circe, than the bitter chalice;—the song of the syren, than the sighs of the mourner;—the honey of Hyblæa, than the myrrh of the desert; the tears of penance, than the laughter of fools; and solemn thoughts of death and judgment, than the empty vanity and pride of life. Temptations are like oil; they run smooth, and seem to give an outward varnish; but it soon becomes dim, and requires pumice and sand to scour away its stains. The allurements of uncharitable thoughts have too much affinity with the natural dispositions of the heart, not to make us tremble while we live; and as with these, so with all the circle of the passions that our graceless hearts are heir to. All must watch and pray in the household of faith; but who has so much need of both as he who has been called into the paternal mansion, and of a stranger made a son—of a slave, a freeman? The graces of infancy are not in him;—the flexible docility of childhood is past, and has bent to error and disgrace;—the freshness of youth, instead of fulfilling the prophecy of



"seeing visions," that is, of bright and glorious glimpses into the regions of faith, may have been spent in working dark deeds of profligacy and barren speculation : and for all this sterile tract, irrevocably gone, what can he do who has been called into the pale of rest, but sit in silence for a while, watching with double watchfulness to fulfil, for the short and uncertain time that may yet remain to him, the purpose of his call, with fervor and zeal seeking to perfect the *present*, and provide for the *future*, by ever bearing in mind the unworthiness of his *past* life ; and to mourn over his present unworthiness of the wondrous grace of conversion that has been vouchsafed to him *in trust*, less for himself alone, than as a beacon whereby others that are still tossed on a sea of doubt may steer their shattered vessels, like him, by God's guidance into the haven of rest !

But yet, one word ere we have done ; whether Catholic from infancy, or convert, both look forward with pleasing hope to the re-conversion of England ; but if we would make good our hope, we must have peace with ourselves, or we shall be cast out, and have no share in the joy of the restoration. Above all, let us be charitable in thought, in word, and in deed, towards our separated brethren. Charity beareth all things, endureth all things. Let us cast away all malice, all envy, all ill-will. Above all, let not that unkindly spirit of irreverence and mockery show a vestige amongst

us. We are sinners, and in our appeals to God our suffrages must still be, "*Peccatores Te rogamus, audi nos :*" and can a sense of our sinful nature dwell within us, while we make use of the language of derision ? What has the sword of grief to do with the laughter of fools, or the intercession of angels with rail-lery and wit ? Let us one and all, then, cast away such thoughtless, to say the least, misconduct from ourselves ;—*let us each look to our brother, who is not yet of the household of Faith, as one who, by God's grace, may soon become a burning and a shining light, and pillar in the Church ;* and let us pause in silent meditation over the solemn hopes and thoughts which the following words of Holy Writ convey, as quoted by the Church in her office of a martyr in paschal time :—

"The just shall stand with great constancy against those that have afflicted them, and take away their labors. *These* seeing it shall be troubled with fear, and *shall be amazed at the suddenness of their unexpected salvation ;* saying within themselves, repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit, *These are they whom we had sometime in derision, and for a parable of reproach.* We, fools, esteemed their life madness, and their end without honor. BEHOLD HOW THEY ARE NUMBERED AMONG THE CHILDREN OF GOD, AND THEIR LOT IS AMONGST THE SAINTS." (Sap. v. 1-5.)

In Fest. Sti. Johan. Evang. in Lateran. 1842.

## DARINIS.\*

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

## I.

ISLAND of oaks ! once sacred spot,  
 And by thy ruins sacred yet ;  
 Where saintly monks, long since forgot,  
 Beneath thy groves—thrice blessed lot—  
 In prayer and silence met.

## II.

Upon the river's winding banks,  
 The Abbey rose—a glorious pile !  
 But now, alas ! 'tis crumbled—thanks  
 To Cromwell's worse than Gothic ranks  
 That scoured and scourged this Isle.

## III.

The walls with ancient ivy clad,  
 And gray with hoary centuries,  
 In broken fragments, wild and sad,  
 Gloom o'er the soil, that once was glad,  
 Where many an abbot lies.

## IV.

There Monafilde, that holy man †  
 Who raised thy venerable walls,  
 And gave the beauty and the plan  
 Of arch-way, which no ages can  
 Displace, upon us calls.

## V.

And here, amid the ivy-wreaths  
 That cluster round the silent urn,

Still from his tomb of marble breathes  
*Raymond Le Gros*—and still in death's  
 Cold chamber, seems to burn.‡

## VI.

Oh ! could he from his chamber spring  
 Upon the Chieftain of that horde,  
 Who, worse than any Vandal King,  
 Cleaved to the ground each holy thing  
 With Desolation's sword !

## VII.

But no ; he slumbers on amid  
 These solitary shades and blest :  
 His tomb in clustering leaves half hid  
 Near Monafilde—and God forbid  
 That I should break his rest !

## VIII.

And yet the gentle River flows  
 Around this lone and ruined pile :  
 And yet the bald hills lift their brows,  
 And yet the old oaks stretch their boughs  
 Around the quiet Isle.

## IX.

Stranger, where'er along this shade  
 Thy wandering way may hap to lie,  
 Think of the goodly men who made  
 This Abbey—now in ruins laid—  
 And thou must heave a sigh.

*Yaughal, Oct. 5, 1842.*

\* The Irish name for the "Island of Oaks." This ruined abbey is on the demesnes of Mr. Smythe, the father of the famous Penelope Smythe, now Duchess of Capua.

† St. Monafilde, the founder and first abbot of this monastery. A statue erected to this venerable man, by the proprietor of the place, salutes the stranger on his approach to the ruins.

‡ Raymond le Gros, a crusader of the twelfth century, lies here interred.



## OBSERVATIONS TO PROTESTANTS.

BY VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.

WE Catholics state that our doctrines are misrepresented. Either we are candid or we are not. If we are, then you attack a fictitious enemy, a work of your imagination; and if we are not candid you have already conquered us, as long as we ourselves deny our doctrines. But in either case your attacks are useless, if not ridiculous.

Are we not candid? A few reflections will prove to you that we are. The Catholic doctrine has been preached for many centuries to thousands and thousands of people of different nations, different habits and character, and, what is more, actuated by different principles as to politics and worldly interest. Under such circumstances, we beg of you to consider whether it can be possible to keep a secret of imposition, and to deny what we believe, and what we teach, without being betrayed and exposed by many who would have gained a great deal by such doings.

How could we keep so many millions of men in darkness, if they would see us publicly denying what we teach to them in private? Those who came to the church, deluded and deceived, as you say, by our persuasions, would immediately have left it as soon as they would have found out that we are a set of impostors who do not dare even to confess our doctrine, but are obliged to disguise it, and even to deny it. We really believe that this would be morally impossible, and that no

man of good sense can be persuaded that any society whatever can realize such impositions.

There are some articles which it would be our interest to deny, if our only view would be to gain popularity, and make the matter easy with Protestants, in order to avoid persecution and insult; but, far from condescending to such infamous policy, we always confess them publicly and privately. The Real Presence, for instance, the forgiveness of sins in the sacrament of penance, the infallibility of the Church, which are so much opposed by Protestants, we never denied them; nor have we ever said that they have been misrepresented, as to the substance or essential part of these articles, though many ridiculous anecdotes have been introduced and forged to ridicule them. Why then should we deny the others, which are not of such a sublime nature, neither so incomprehensible? This evidently proves that our intention is not to conceal, but to confess our doctrines.

It might be asked, which are the doctrines misrepresented? We really think that they are very well known. We shall point out, however, some of them as specimens. That the sins are forgiven without any consideration to the dispositions of the heart, and even for money, so that the sinner can purchase his pardon. That we give indulgence or permission to commit sins. That the Pope, and even the Priests, can order out of Purgatory any soul they

please. That it is an article of faith with Catholics, that the Pope is infallible, and even impeccable, that he is the Master and King of the World. We could notice several other misrepresentations, but we think that these are sufficient to prove how little the Catholic Doctrine is known by Protestants, or how maliciously it is misrepresented by them.

These misrepresentations could easily be avoided, even if they be not wilful, were Protestants actuated by the true spirit of charity. But we must candidly confess that religious controversies are generally carried on with very little of religious spirit, and they are a conflict of passions, rather than a comparison of arguments. We can state, however, without any fear of being blamed for partiality, that Protestants have exceeded in this unchristian manner of writing, and that Catholics incurred such fault only through provocation, which does not excuse them, but accounts in some measure for their frailty. We consider this *war of insults* as a real attack against Christianity, for the infidels embrace every opportunity to enforce their reasons for not believing, and they erroneously take it from the conduct of Christians, as if *Christianity* were the same thing with *Christians*, or if Christians would always act according to the principles of Christianity.

An impartial reader will perceive that Protestant religious papers are conducted with a spirit of revenge against the Catholic Church, which they say has been their tyrant, and not a single spark of the celestial fire of charity, which descended from heaven together with Christianity, is to be found in many of them. Catholics, they say, have persecuted us — have Protestants not persecuted Catholics? Suppose they have not, is it according to

Christian spirit that they should now persecute in retaliation? Is it not an awful persecution to try to disgrace us, not only by exposing those faults which human frailty may have induced some Catholics to commit, but also by the most atrocious and injurious calumnies? How can they expect to convince us by such proceedings, which certainly are proofs of their want of Christianity, and of the holiness of our Doctrine, which cannot be opposed but by calumnies and misrepresentations? They seek their own glory and the gratification of their passions.

We regret to observe that a very few Protestants are free from the influence of this *anti-christian* spirit, which they attribute to us, whom they consider as children of the Anti-Christ. There is no class among Protestants where prejudice, animosity, and desire of revenge for pretended injuries are not to be found; we may even say that very few individuals are not so disposed. The most pious, those who are *members of the Church*, according to your phraseology, which means that they are perfect Christians, or holy persons, those are the very worst on this point. They are disposed to believe anything against Catholics, and they are rejoiced whenever any ridiculous tale is brought to them. Their anger blinds them to such a degree, that they cannot perceive the most palpable contradictions in any calumny started against us. Your ministers are at the head of the *charitable* armies of calumniators.

We call your attention upon an *essential* point of your doctrine, which we consider to be totally disregarded by yourselves, that is, the nature of the Church, or the necessary conditions for your membership. Your separation from the Catholic Church was, as you say, on account of her having lost the spirit of



Christ, and become in consequence the Great Babylon, from which you were commanded to fly. No person therefore is a member of your Church who does not possess that Spirit. But this holy spirit has no fellowship with that of injustice, animosity, and calumny. Under these considerations, pray tell us how many members are there in your Church? How many of your Ministers are members of it? Indeed, according to your principles, you should fly immediately from your Church, which is so generally corrupted that very few can be found in it who are not under the influence of that anti-christian spirit.

There are many reasons to believe that you regret the attempts made to disgrace us in your famous productions, such as the *Six Months in a Convent*, the *Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk*, and the edifying History of Rosamond, which were believed, encouraged, and propagated by the majority of Protestants, nay, very few rejected them, at least at their first appearance, as *Stars of Christian purity and charity*. Colonel Stone has extinguished the principal of them, and the others lost their light and perished by themselves. We should not mention them, were it not because their fate affords us some reflections, which may not be fruitless.

Why did Protestants believe these ridiculous and obscene tales? Only because they are against the Catholics. Were they against any other society of men, they would have been despised and even detested. What have we done to excite this prejudice and animosity against us? Is it for our creed? Where is then the liberty of conscience granted by the laws of the land, and much more by public opinion. An exception against one body of men, where all the rest are protected, must be considered as an unheard injustice.

Is it because we are enemies of Christ? Such is the calumny often uttered against us. But now, only for the sake of the argument, let us suppose it to be so; why are we not treated as the Jews and Infidels, who certainly are not friends of Christ? But it might be said that we pretend to be Christians, and this excites your animosity against us. Then we are heretics, and by persecuting us with words and *facts*, you authorize and practise the persecution of heretics, for which you have so often blamed the Catholic Church.

Are we persecuted on account of our Morals? We shall not enter into a *war of sanctity* to dispute who are the best, but we beg leave to observe that our Society does no injury to the community, but takes an active part in its prosperity; and one word for all, *there are very few idle Catholics*.

Which can be then the cause of this predisposition to embrace and believe whatever is said against us? A man amuses himself in forging a tale against a body of men who never offended him, and against a vast number of his fellow-citizens, and the Protestant community swallows every inconsistent fiction, and every atrocious calumny, because the book is against the Catholics, and especially against the priests. Our good friends, what has become of your charity? what has become of your learning? what has become of your good sense? You now see the effects of animosity, and how your prejudices have induced you to commit an awful injustice by sanctioning those awful tales. You may observe the same in all your writings on controversy. That we may not appear to be actuated by the same passion which we blame, we will add a few reflections.

We hope that every man of sense will agree with us in saying that

whoever writes *properly* must present a new object, or give a new light to a known one, or remove the clouds which may have obscured it. Therefore, the invention, the explanation, and the defence of, are the subjects of every writing which is not a nonsensical one. We now beg Protestants to take notice of their religious papers and books of controversy, and they shall perceive that there is not a single new subject, that the known ones are not presented in any new light, and very seldom, and we might say *never*, any answer is given to any argument. Hence, such papers are totally nonsensical. But the writers, at least many of them, are men of good sense and learning, and therefore we must conclude that they are influenced by the same passion which moved the author of the tale of Maria Monk.

You will read in most all your papers bare assertions, without any proofs, and a multitude of tales and anecdotes, which are very easily invented, and even granting them to be true, would only prove the errors of men, and not the falsity of the doctrine. Besides this, you will only find what any simple man would say without taking the trouble of reading so much, that is to say, *I cannot understand it—how can that be?* This you know to be no reason in matters of a revealed Religion, for if you establish as a principle, not to believe what you cannot understand, you very soon cease to be Christians. As to the way of presenting the subjects of religion, you will only read in your papers the repetition that the Pope is the anti-Christ, that the priests are all wicked, and some other charitable aspersions.

Our society, far from doing anything that should excite your animosity, is guided by a principle which you condemn, but it is a

source of peace and harmony, that is, a perfect independence. We do not attend your churches, and we do not press you to come to ours, though you are welcome and kindly received in them. We have not established any other way of propagating our doctrine, but by preaching in our churches, and defending ourselves in our papers against your attacks. We are not seeking for anecdotes, or investigating the conduct of any individual, and much less are we calumniating any body. What could then induce you to persecute us, and to try to disgrace us by every unfair means? Could you not let us alone, as we do in regard to you? We never take notice of your prayer-meetings, or your camp-meetings, or your tracts, which you force the people to take. You ought then to let us be, with our Mass and our worship, which we do not force you to attend.

You may say that your object is to caution the people against our errors. But what could you say that would be unknown to any individual in the American community, unless you substitute your fictions for our tenets? The doctrine of the Catholic Church was very well known before your existence, and your forefathers could teach it to you. The Catholic Church is not an unknown sect, and keeps no secrets. Every body knows that we believe that there is but one infallible church, and that to be the Roman Catholic. Every body knows that we believe the real presence of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist; in a word, our dogmas are known not only by every Christian, but also by the Infidels. It is therefore totally useless that you should write in order to acquaint the people with our doctrine. As to arguments, have you ever produced any, which might not occur to any man guided only by his senses, and which have not



been fully answered before your existence by St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and several other luminaries of antiquity? Are you afraid of losing the members of your church, and increasing the number of ours? If our dogmas are so absurd and ridiculous as you say they are, and if your people have not the *Catholic ignorance*, and are so much enlightened, and have read, and do read so much of the Bible, which you say condemns us; if the *members* of your church are holy, and they cannot lose justification; if their conversion is such that they are with Christ and shall remain with Christ for ever, why are you so much afraid? Why do you trouble yourself so much, and expend so much money in order to keep them? Those among you (and indeed there are a great many) who hold the *Calvinistic predestination*, should be less afraid of losing any of their members, because, if they *must* have them they *shall* have them, and if they *must* lose them they *shall* lose them. Why then do they write so much against us, who cannot alter that predestination?

Perhaps it displeases you that we follow in our practice the principle of religious independence above mentioned. But, our friends, let us examine this point coolly and justly. Every man who has any claim to honesty, must act as he thinks in matters of religion, otherwise his conduct will be a continual hypocrisy. Religion is not a human affair, nor a human gift, neither human property, to be fixed and disposed of at our pleasure. If a man cannot be generous with his neighbor's money, without being unjust; much less can he be generous with the gifts of God and heavenly things, without being criminal. The gates of Heaven are not to be opened at the pleasure of a man, but according to the will of our Redeemer. You may

now judge of the value of those words, *bigotry* and *liberality*, in matters of religion. They are invented only to please ourselves and indulge our pride, by passing mutual compliments. But after all these human fictions, the things of heaven shall not be altered, and the religion shall be *one*, and the worship shall be *one*.

You may ridicule this principle as much as you please; but it does not come from us, but from the nature of religion itself, and from the testimony of antiquity, which certainly ought to be our guide. St. Dennis tells us—"This rule we have received from our holy father Heracla, that those who come from heresies, whether they have actually fallen, or rather behaved as if they had fallen, by being in communion with the brothers, and privately going to hear the teachers of perverse doctrines, such should be expelled from the church, and not be admitted until, after several supplications, they will expose whatever they have heard." (Euseb. lib. 7. c. 7.) But Heracla lived at the beginning of the third century, and you may from this conclude that this practice is not of our invention, but comes from those pure, primitive Christians, whom you may call bigots if you please, but the church calls them saints.

Are we teachers, you may ask, of perverse doctrines? Before we answer the question, we could put another, that is, are we Catholics to be considered as teachers of perverse doctrines? According to your principles, you must say that we are. Why then be offended because, according to our principles, we do say that you are such? Let us not forget that candor is the first thing in religion; and when we do say that you are teachers of a perverse doctrine, we leave to God to judge whether you are perverse or not, be-

cause only God knows your heart, and a man may preach a perverse doctrine without being perverse.

What could we do in your churches? Worship with you? This is against our conscience. To pretend to worship with you would be a criminal fiction, and an insult to you. To be idle, as in a place of mere curiosity? Idleness itself is a sin, and much more on the Lord's Day, and under circumstances that might produce a scandal. We call your attention to the practice of forcing, by what we may call moral compulsion, those who are under you to attend your meetings. Have you ever read of such a practice in the primitive Church?

It is not the same case with you, who occasionally come to visit the Catholic Church. You are not acting against your principles, for you believe yourselves to be at liberty to worship as you please, provided you worship Christ, and you recognise no authority in the Church to control you. You are not precisely bound to attend your church.

At all events, you may easily perceive our motive for not attending your churches is not a want of respect and esteem towards your persons, but in consequence of a laudable strictness in following our principles. Doth this displease you? We think that it ought to please you, for it proves honesty, sincerity, and also our regard towards you, whom we do not pretend to deceive by fictions and worldly compliments.

We have farther to observe, that your exertions are directed more to excite religious feelings than to correct religious ideas, and by so doing you deprive religion of that *mark* of Divinity, which Christ has impressed upon it in order to distinguish it from the inconstant and imperfect works of mortals, that is, independence from any human sentiments. It

is not the affection of the heart that brings a man to a true religion; but it is the religion that produces a true affection. All the system of Protestant religion consists in knowing that Christ is the Son of God, the Second Person of the Holy Trinity, and our Redeemer, from whom we receive grace and benefits, and from whom we shall receive glory or punishment, and to excite our heart by prayers to love him. These are the only points of your *common belief*, judging from your conduct, which is to worship with the members of any church by which the above doctrine is received.

We approve so far this doctrine. But, our friends, remember that all the heretics of antiquity, whom you yourselves condemn, believed the same. Human mind can devolve that principle in such a manner as to destroy it altogether, and this has been the cause of sects. Observe, our friends, that the Gospel would be useless if we should only believe that Christ is God, for this we could know from his miracles, and you, who have the Scriptures as the only rule of faith, cannot consistently say that it is enough to believe in Christ, if we establish, as coming from him, whatever we may think proper to believe. He commanded his apostles to preach, and that doctrine he ordered us to embrace. He did not tell them only to preach that he is the Son of God, but also to preach to us his commandments.

Observe that Christianity is totally degenerated if we destroy the principle of obedience, by establishing, under the pretext of liberty of conscience, the liberty of heresy, and that a man is right in whatever he believes, provided he believes it. We call this the religion of feelings, which you may find not only in every Christian sect, but also among the Jews, the Turks, and all the



enemies of Christ. Pious feelings, honesty, and religious zeal, are commonly found among them, and were we to judge from these affections of the heart, we should say that they are all faithful servants of God. Will you call them such? We are sure that you will not. Hence, it is evident, that moral conduct, piety, and honesty, will never prove the divinity of the doctrine; but, on the contrary, the doctrine will guide us to value those religious feelings.

Nothing so common among Protestants as to join or leave a church as they find the people to be good or bad, and all your attacks are principally directed to the morals, as if this could decide any dogmatical question. This is a mistake, which leads to many errors. Let us, for the sake of example, confine the question to a particular church, though our object is not to make any particular allusion. Suppose that the majority of the Presbyterians would become wicked, would the ministers of that Church believe that this fact would prove the falsity of that doctrine? Suppose, now, that the Catholics would become all saints, would the Presbyterian ministers from this fact believe in transubstantiation? It is a mistake, we repeat, to bring in our feelings as proofs of heavenly gifts and revealed doctrines; and it has been the source of the worst of evils, that is, indifference in religion.

We call once more your attention to the consequence of this principle, and you may observe a *Christian indifference* in religion, which has been introduced by Protestants, and it is of a worse nature than the indifference known before the reformation. There have been always infidels who thought proper to keep the name of Christians, but looked with indifference upon religion, which they really did not believe; however, they did not establish differ-

ent classes of Christianity, nor could they suffer, when reasoning as Christians, that any such a distinction should be made. But in our days there are among Protestants, not only a great many of those *Christian infidels*, but there are also a great many pious and earnest believers, who, through error, have persuaded themselves that Christianity is consistent with a division of principles, and that all the Christian sects compose but one church. Therefore, they look with indifference on the distinction or separation of churches, though they have chosen one to which they adhere, and which they would leave and join another, were it expedient. Such *Christian indifference* in religion, we repeat, our dear friends, is the greatest blow you have given to Christianity by your reformation.

Allow us to call your attention to a few of the favorite calumnies of your writers. You are told that we are idolaters. Why? Because we adore bread and wine. But as long as we believe that the bread and wine are no more, as long as we believe in transubstantiation, how can you say that we adore bread and wine? An idolater directs his mind to an object which he believes to be present, and which he considers as God, being only a creature. But the only object we consider present, is our Lord Jesus Christ, and to him only we refer our adoration. How can we be idolaters? You may say, according to your principles, that Christ is not present; but without entering into any controversy as to the real presence, I can tell you that it does not follow that we are idolaters as long as our worship is under the impression that no bread and wine are there, but our Lord Jesus Christ; in the same manner that I will not say that you do not adore Christ, though you do not adore the Eucharist, because you act under the

impression that Christ is not present.

You are told that we grant to men the power of forgiving sins, and this even for money. We grant to the ministers of the church only what the Gospel grants to them. We read in the Gospel, (John 20, ver. 22) —“Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained;” and Matthew 18, ver. 18—“Whatsoever you shall bind upon earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth shall be loosed in heaven;” and again to Peter—“I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth it shall be loosed also in heaven.” (Matt. 16, ver. 19.) We say no more than what we read in the above texts, viz., that the Apostles forgave sins on earth in the name of Jesus Christ, who granted the forgiveness in heaven, according to this plain promise. As Jesus Christ did not establish his church for one place or for one generation, and never granted privileges, but all his gifts are for all his children until the consummation of the world, we very properly conclude that this power belongs to the *ministry*, and not exclusively to those *ministers* who then exercised it, viz., to the Apostles. In this sense he told them—“Behold I am with you even to the consummation of the world;” but the Apostles could not forgive sins in their own name, and neither can we in ours; they could not forgive sins without previous repentance, and neither can we. Therefore our doctrine is no other but that of the Gospel, without any human interpretation. If it be said that even in this sense it is impossible for a man to forgive sins, then the Apostles did not forgive them, and the above texts have no meaning. We

are aware that it has been said by some Protestants that the Apostles forgave the sins because they preached the Gospel by which the sins are forgiven; but independently of the incorrectness, or rather absurdity of this interpretation, it would come to the same, that is to say, that men, either by preaching, or by the application of a sacrament, forgive sins. The question would be as to the way, not as to the fact, for in both cases men would forgive sins. But who can believe that the sins are forgiven or retained by preaching? Retained by preaching! Whatever interpretation may be given it will always be a real exclusion from or admission into the kingdom of heaven, in consequence of the act of a man. Indeed, whoever is loosed is admitted, and whoever is bound is excluded; and therefore in whatever sense the text be taken, the Apostles, who were nothing but men, had the power which we now attribute to the ministry in the Church of Christ. But confession! Is confession to men unlawful, as Protestants would have it? Why, then, we read: *Confess each other your sins!* Protestants, by making use of their power of interpretation, would have this confession only of trifling faults; but the text makes no such a distinction. Besides, if it be unlawful to confess a great fault, it would also be unlawful to confess a trifling one, for the impropriety would not be in the enormity of the sin, but in the fact of confessing to a man. Moreover, Protestants may recollect that they admit no venial sin. Many Protestants admit that the sins are forgiven by baptism, and the other sects do not consider this doctrine criminal, though they do not admit it. And by whom is baptism given? Is it not by a man? A man therefore can be the instrument of the forgiveness of sins.



You certainly would not blame a man who, either in order to receive advice or to console his mind, would acquaint another with the state of his conscience, that is to say, would confess his sins to his friend. Consequently, confession in itself is not blamable. Why should it be blamable when made in order to obtain absolution? Because it is made to a man.—Is not the confession above mentioned made to a man?

Let us act fairly and justly, without charging each other with crimes, which have no existence but in a prejudiced mind. Confession is made to God and only to God. No man who possesses any sense, will ever believe the contrary. It is true that the sins are manifested to a man, but the confession is made to God.—There is a great difference between these two actions.—The confession in the strict sense is made to the offended person with submission and sorrow, but the declaration can be made to an unconcerned person, and without sorrow, and even with joy. The sinner has only offended God, according to the words of David. "*To thee only have I sinned.*" He submits himself only to God, and he expresses his sorrow only for having offended God, not the Priest. Consequently, when it is said that the sins are confessed to the Priest, the meaning of these words is, that the confession is made to God, and received or heard by the Priest as a minister of his Church.

When you take your children to be baptized by your ministers, is it to them or to Christ that you present those little ones? You will answer—to *Christ*. However, the children are presented to a man, and from him they receive the forgiveness of the original sin, as the Episcopalians believe, or the admission into the Church of Christ, as other Protestants say. We shall not dispute upon this difference in your

doctrine, though we do not perceive how any man can be admitted into the Church of Christ without applying to him the merits of the death of Christ; or how can this application be made without forgiving the original sin? We neither can reconcile your doctrine on this point, with your principle as to the necessary condition for your membership, that is, *sanctification*, which is inconsistent with the original sin, and if the children are not members of the Church of Christ, we do not perceive how they were admitted into it by baptism. At all events, either the forgiveness of the original sin or the admission into the Church of Christ must be done only by Christ. Hence your ministers are acting in the name of Christ, hence they exercise a divine power—*Quid ad hoc?* Our good friends, why do you blame us so much? Why do you talk so much about the divine power exercised by the Catholic Priest? As to the calumny of the forgiveness of sins for money, it will only be believed by those who are not acquainted with Catholic doctrine, and they are moreover determined to believe whatever is against us without any farther examination. Catholics are taught from their childhood, that the contrition or sorrow for our sins is necessary for absolution; how then can they believe that by paying a few shillings to a Priest, they have that contrition, and they may commit any sin they please, as Protestants say they do? There is no Church where more is said and acted against simony than in the Catholic Church; every one knows that spiritual things cannot be sold or bought; how then can they believe that the Priest can sell them their absolution? And if they know that they are not absolved, will they be so simple as to pay for such absolution?

Whatever may be your prejudice against us, we hope that you will not carry it so far as not to acknowledge that there have been in every country, and there are now, a great many pious and learned Catholics. Can you persuade yourselves that all of them either paid to have their sins forgiven, or countenanced such a practice? But suppose that the Priests receive money as the price for the absolution, this would only prove that they make bad use of their power, and the absolution is null, but it would never prove that they have no power to absolve; the same as if a judge would receive money for his sentence; this would be null, but from such facts, no person would conclude that the office of a judge gives no power to pass sentence.

It is evident from what we have already expressed, that in the Catholic Church there is no selling of absolution, nor of any other function of the ministry. But, our good friends, let us call your attention on this point of gifts or offerings of the faithful to the ministers of the Church, and you shall see that our practice is not different from yours.

A present is made to a Protestant minister for having performed the ceremony of matrimony. Although we know that you do not believe matrimony to be a sacrament, you will not deny that your minister intended to perform a sacred ceremony—a function of his ministry, which is said to be from Christ. Such a function cannot be sold without committing a crime: how then is that money received? Your answer to this question will be ours to a similar question put by you upon any of the cases where offerings are received by the Catholic priests. Lay prejudices aside, and charity shall prevail. We need not charge each other with the base crime of selling the functions of the ministry, when on both sides we know that

there is no such thing. The unthinking multitude may be pleased with the sarcastic remarks upon this traffic of spiritual things, established by the priests, but religion, far from gaining, will lose ground by such railery. At any rate, if this be a traffic, recollect, dear friends, that you carry it on by wholesale, for we have cases of four or five hundred dollars having been given to Protestant ministers for performing the ceremony of matrimony.

Let us now make use of your touch-stone—we mean to say, the Scriptures, without any note or comment, and let us decide, precisely according to your principles, whether we deserve your animosity. There are four points which separate the most of the Catholic from the Protestant Church:—The Infallibility of the Church—the Supremacy of the Pope—the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist—and the forgiveness of sins in the Sacrament of Penance. If the Scripture be consulted, and not interpreted, you will find plain texts to prove our doctrine on these points. “*Thou art Peter,*” said Jesus, “*and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, shall be also bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven.*” Matt. c. xvi., v. 19. “*Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained.*” These texts, without any note or comment, prove the supremacy of St. Peter, the infallibility of the Church, and the forgiveness of sins by the ministers upon earth, and the power of binding upon earth granted to the Church. As to the Real Presence, Christ openly said, “*This is my body*”—“*This is the chalice of my blood.*”



But you say that we do not understand these texts; that when Christ said, for instance, *the sins that you will forgive*, he meant to say, *the sins that you will NOT forgive*; and when he said, *This is my body*, he meant to say, *This is NOT my body*. The interpretation is very curious, indeed; but after all, our question is not upon the text, but upon the meaning, and therefore, not upon the Scripture, but upon your ideas, or religious views. The Scripture without an interpretation, is plain enough. Consequently, your touchstone proves our doctrine and reproves yours, by showing that it is only a bare human reasoning.

Where is it in the Bible that faith alone will save us? You know, our good friends, that your father, Luther, found himself so much embarrassed to prove from the Scripture, Justification only by faith, that he added the adverb *ALONE*, to the text of St. Paul, for which he was reproved even by his followers, and you yourselves, at the present day, do not suffer such a sacrilegious perversion to be made in your Bibles. You may find many texts to prove that there can be no justification without faith, but never to say that faith will produce it, if it be not accompanied with good works. But we Catholics have an express text in the Epistle of St. James, chap. ii. ver. 14:—“*Do you see that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only?*”—and several other texts. But you may say that this text must be interpreted and compared with others. We answer, that none can be produced to destroy the obvious and plain meaning of this one; and it will come at last, as we have already observed, to be only a dispute upon your interpretation, and not upon the plain text of the Scripture. Take notice, our friends, that your touchstone always condemns you, and you had better not

speak so much of the Scriptures, as your ground to blame our doctrine, and to justify your animosity against us, who certainly adhere to the Scripture, which you abandon to substitute your views to its plain and obvious texts.

That you have abandoned the Scripture can be proved in many instances, but we will only call your attention upon the text of St. James, v. 14.—“*Is any one sick among you? let him bring in the Priests of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick man; and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he be in his sins, they shall be forgiven him.*” We faithfully fulfil this commandment, and you openly laugh at us!—your touchstone openly requires that we should *anoint with oil*, but your *intellectual Bible* tells us that this is a superstitious, popish practice. You may say that it is not an essential point; but where is it in the Bible that it is not an essential point? Suppose it to be so—is it lawful to neglect it? and is it a Christian doctrine to reprove it? Where is, then, your respect for the Scriptures?

We are also blamed by you for fasting—but do you not fast sometimes? You may answer that you do it for a very different purpose from that which Catholics have in view. Let us examine this point. You certainly fast to incline God to have mercy on us, for we know that sometimes you fast for the conversion of the sinner, which is the greatest work of the mercy of God; you also fast that God may not punish us or afflict us with calamities; you also fast to obtain blessings and benefits.—Now, what more do Catholics do when they fast? You say that we believe fasting to be a meritorious work, but you believe the same, as long as you expect that in consequence of your fasting God

will not punish you and will grant you benefits through his mercy. Indeed, we have no other idea of merit. But you may say that we call this work satisfaction.—We certainly do, but by this word we do not mean any more than what you believe, for we are not so ignorant as to think that we pay God for his benefits.

You also laugh at us for not eating flesh-meat on certain days, as if we could think that the meat itself is forbidden and the fish allowed because of their own nature. This comes from the ignorance of our principles. The Catholic Church commanded a fast, and at the beginning no meat and no fish and no other food but bread and herbs were eaten by Christians on those days ; afterwards Christian fervor being diminished, and human nature decaying by a succession of generations, as every body knows, that primitive severity was impracticable, at least to be enforced on the whole community ; the people themselves began to add to the herbs some light fruits, among which they introduced the fish, as less substantial than the meat, thus keeping, as far as their constitution would allow, the fast that was commanded.—The

Church overlooked this introduction of the use of fish, considering it to be reasonable, and thus the practice became a general one. From this you may see that the Church is far from teaching it to be unlawful for Christians to eat meat, and lawful to eat fish, on certain days, *precisely* on account of the food itself, but on account of the fast, which the Church considered to be more consistent with the use of the one than with the use of the other. The Church has the power of commanding her children, whose duty it is to obey her. Consequently, the infraction is a sin, not on account of the food that is eaten, but on account of the disobedience to the Church ; in the same manner that the original sin was committed, not on account of the fruit that our first parents ate, but on account of their disobedience to God.

We cordially desire, that we should not indulge our passions, in juring the cause of Christianity. There are some points upon which we do not agree, and to disguise our doctrine to please each other, would be a base and criminal action. But let us, even in the discussion of these points, keep mutual regard and Christian charity.

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## MIND SUPERIOR TO BODY.

WHAT is the blooming tincture of the skin,  
To peace of mind, and harmony within ?  
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,  
To the soft soothing of a calm reply ?  
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,  
With comeliness of words or deeds compare ?  
No ; those at first th'unwary heart may gain ;  
But these—these only, can the heart retain.



FROM THE NEW WORLD.

## LINES WRITTEN ON BOARD THE GREAT WESTERN,

OCTOBER 5, 1842.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

Tu descendenti redientique arca fuisti  
Navis, fausta mihi—tu mea vota meres.  
In Maris æstivis, nec non hiemalibus undis,  
Persequeris cursum prospera rité tuum.  
Nulla tibi cura est ventorum ; namque secundis  
Tollis vela, aliter ponere vela potes.  
Et tamen adversum rapido motu mare findis  
Æquoris immensum nil reputans spatium.  
Et tempestatem spernis pigremque quietem :  
Victrices superant has celeresque rotæ.  
Interea sublime tenens iter æquore in alto  
Vis manifesta mihi magna vaporis adest  
Rideat et Fortuna tibi quocumque meabis,  
Et bona cuncta Duci det Deus usque tuo ;  
Quum fuerit vitâ hâc a tempestate revulsus,  
Tunc statio in cælis sit—benéfida quies.

## TRANSLATION.

OUTWARD and homeward thou hast been  
My safety ark ;  
And well this tribute hast thou earned,  
Thou gallant bark.  
O'er summer sea, and winter surge,  
Thy course full nobly dost thou urge.  
Thou reckest naught of changeful winds ;  
If fair, thou hold'st  
Outspread, like mighty wings, thy sails,  
If not—thou fold'st.  
And still thy steady way thou keepest,  
And o'er the distance fleetly sweepest.  
In calm and storm thy wheels roll on  
With rapid might,  
Incessantly, triumphantly,  
By day and night :  
And as sublimely on thou movest,  
The magic power of steam thou provest.  
Proud bark, may Fortune smile upon  
Thy future way :  
God bless the gallant Captain, who  
O'er thee holds sway ;\*  
And when from life's port, tempest-driven,  
May his blest harbor be in heaven.

\* Capt. Hoskins to whom, I am glad of this opportunity of awarding my tribute of respect as a gentleman, and my admiration as a seaman.

## HOMILY OF POPE ST. GREGORY, FOR THE NINTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

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GOSPEL—Luke xix. 41—47.—“At that time, when He drew near to Jerusalem, seeing the city, he wept over it, saying: If thou also hadst known, and that in this thy day, the things that are to thy peace; but now they are hidden from thy eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, and thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and straiten thee on every side, and beat thee flat to the ground, and thy children who are in thee; and they shall not leave in thee a stone upon a stone, because thou hast not known the time of thy visitation. And entering into the temple, he began to cast out them that sold therein, and them that bought, saying to them; It is written, ‘My house is the house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves.’ And He was teaching daily in the Temple.”

THIS short lesson from holy Scripture I will briefly explain, in the hope that the purpose of God may be extended in the heart of those who have learned to think much, though little be said. Here our Lord, weeping, describes the destruction of Jerusalem, which took place under the princes Vespasian and Titus, as he foretels when he saith, “The days shall come unto thee, and thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and straiten thee on every side, and beat thee flat to the ground, and thy children who are in thee.” And when he adds—“and they shall not leave in thee a stone upon a stone,”—he attests the removal of the city; for what now exists, was built without the walls where our Lord was crucified, and the old Jerusalem was destroyed; and the reason of this destruction is given in what follows: “Because thou hast not known the time of thy visitation.” For the Creator of all has vouchsafed to visit this city by the mystery of His incarnation, and yet she remembered not his fear nor his love: for by the mouth of the prophet, even the birds of the air gave witness against her: “The kite in the air hath known her

time, the turtle, and the swallow, and the stork have observed the time of their coming; but my people have not known the judgment of the Lord.” (Jer. viii. 7.)

“And seeing the city, he wept over it, saying: If thou also hadst known.” Our merciful Redeemer wept over the ruin of the perfidious city, which knew not what was to come. “And that in this thy day, the things that are to thy peace;” for he that giveth himself up to the pleasures of the flesh, seeth not the evils to come, nor in his day hath “the things that are to his peace. But now they are hidden from thy eyes.”

“And entering into the temple, he began to cast out those that sold therein, and them that bought, saying to them: It is written, ‘My house is the house of prayer; but you have made it a den of thieves.’” He who had but just foretold the evils to come, forthwith entered into the temple, and cast out those that bought and sold; whereby He truly notes, that the ruin of the people was chiefly the fault of the priests. For having described the destruction, he scourged those that bought and sold in the temple, showing by his manner, whence the



root of ruin sprung. In another Gospel it is said they sold doves—that is, the gifts of the Holy Ghost; they persecuted those that bought not gifts, and those that brought them they slew spiritually. “My house is a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves:” but that our Lord might show what the real gift of grace was, it is said immediately, “And He was teaching daily in the temple.”

Thus have I run through, in a brief manner, the contents of this Gospel. Seeing the destruction of the temple, he wept over it, saying—“If thou also hadst known;” this he said once over the devoted city. This daily our Redeemer ceases not to do over his elect, when he sees them fall from a good life to reprobate habits; he weeps over those who know not why they are struck, “who are glad when they have done evil, and rejoice in most wicked things,” (Prov. ii. 14;) who, if they but knew the destruction that hangs over them, would have wept with the tears of the elect. Well then does what follows agree to the perishing soul: “And that in this thy day, the things that are for thy peace, but now they are hidden from thy eyes.” Here the perverse soul has its day—in which for a passing time it is glad; in which it has what are for its peace—its temporal affairs in which it rejoices; whilst it is puffed up with honors, whilst it is abandoned to the pleasures of the flesh, whilst it fears not the coming wrath and punishment, it has peace in its day, which in another shall possess the heavy curse of damnation. *There* will it be afflicted, where the just are made glad; and *there* all things that are now for its peace shall be turned into the bitterness of strife. “But *now* all these things are hidden from its eyes,” for the perverse soul is wholly given to present things; in earthly pleasures it buries

the coming evil—it flies from a provision for the future, for fear of disturbing its present joy; but yet, while it gives itself up to the delights of this life, what is it but with closed eyes to walk into the fire? Hence it is well written, “In the day of good things be not unmindful of evils,” (Eccles. xi. 27;) and by the mouth of St. Paul, “that they that rejoice, be as if they rejoice not,” (1 Cor. vii. 30;) so as to fear even in the time of rejoicing, and to be mindful of the wrath to come, for “Blessed is the man that is always fearful; but he that is hardened in mind shall fall into evil,” (Prov. xxviii. 14;) for the wrath of the judgment shall be so much the more strict, the less that the fear of committing sin is felt here.

“For the days shall come upon thee, and thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and straiten thee on every side.” The evil spirits shall straiten thee on every side, and press thee with words, and deeds, and thoughts; “and shall beat thee flat to the ground, and thy children who are in thee.” They shall beat thee to the ground, when thy body shall fall in the dust; and thy children—that is, thine unlawful thoughts, shall betray thee, as it is written, “In that day all their thoughts—shall perish,” (Psal. cxiv. 4;) even thy *hard* thoughts, as stones, for “they shall not leave in thee a stone upon a stone,”—and this “because thou hast not known the time of thy visitation;” nor “whilst thou art in the way sought to be delivered from thy adversary, lest perhaps he draw thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the exacter, and the exacter cast thee into prison.” (St. Luke xii. 58.)

“And entering into the temple, he began to cast out those who sold therein.” As the temple is in the city, so is the life of religious men

among the faithful ; for though some assume the habit of religion, and make a traffic of holy religion for gain's sake, to such he says truly, "My house is the house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves."

"And he was teaching daily in the temple;" when he teacheth carefully the mind of the faithful to beware of evil, he daily teacheth truth in the temple. But we must know this, that we are taught truly with the words of truth, if we look forward to our last evils, with fear continually, according to the words of the wise man: "In all thy works remember thy last end, and thou shalt never sin." (Eccles. vii. 40.) For we ought every day to think of what we have heard from the voice of our Redeemer. "And that in this thy day, the things that are to thy peace, but now they are hidden from thy eyes." For while yet the strict judge endures, while yet his hand delays to strike, whilst yet we have the security of time against the retribution of vengeance, we ought to think of the evil to come; as we think, to mourn, as we mourn, to avoid; to look on the sins that we have committed continually, looking, to weep, and weeping, wipe away. Let no joy of passing prosperity unhinge us, nor any transitory enjoyment lure the eyes of our mind, to withdraw our sight from what shall lead us blindfold to hell; for if we fixedly thought of what weight the reproach that comes from the mouth of truth shall be felt, when he shall say to the negligent, and to him who looks not to the future—and that "in this day, the things that are for thy peace, but now they are hidden from thy eyes;" we would meditate deeply and often on "how terrible that hour shall be, what fear of mind shall then rise within us, how keen the remembrance of all our evils, what forget-

fulness of past delights, what terror in the contemplation of our Judge. He will say, "I will not speak many things with you. For the prince of this world cometh, and in me he hath not anything." (St. John xiv. 30.) The prince of this world saw that our Lord was a mortal man, and thought to have found his part in him; but without a stain of sin he went out of this world, as he came without sin into the world.

This could not even St. Peter reply to the prince of this world, although he deserved to hear, "Whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in Heaven." (St. Matt. xvi. 19.) Neither dare St. John say this: "Albeit he leaned on his Redeemer's breast at supper," (St. John xiii. 20;) neither the Psalmist, who exclaims: "Behold I was conceived in iniquities, and in sins did my mother conceive me," (Ps. l. 7;) nor the prophet, who saith, "In thy sight shall no man living be justified," (Ib. cxlii. 2;) hence Solomon says, "There is no just man on the earth who doeth good and sinneth not," (Eccles. vii. 10;) hence St. John says, "If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us," (1 John i. 8;) and hence St. James: "In many things we all offend." (James iii. 2.) For we are all conceived in the lust of the flesh; in all of us the prince of this world has part, in action, or word, or deed, or thought. But yet he cannot snatch us away or hold us. For He who hath paid the debt of death for us hath loosened us from our debts; so that the enemy by right no longer holds our debts as his; which the Mediator between God and man—the man CHRIST JESUS, hath freely given what he owed not; who delivered himself to death for us, that he might free the debts of our soul



from death: therefore he saith, "The prince of this world cometh, and in me he hath not anything." (St. John xiv. 30.) Hence we must be cured; hence, with daily tears, we must meditate how severe and terrible shall be the accusation of the prince of this world against us; when even he came against Him at his death, "in whom he could find nothing." What, then, shall we wretched say? what shall we do, after the numberless evils we have committed? what shall we say to the accusing adversary of the many things of his that he shall find in us? But only that we have a sure refuge and solid hope set before us in HIM, namely, in whom the prince of this world had no part; who alone "is free among the dead," and hath loosed us from the service of sin to true liberty, that we may be united truly free with him. For we cannot deny, but must needs confess, that the prince of this world has much in us, and yet he cannot prevail over us in the hour of death, provided we be members of HIM in whom he had no part.

But what will it profit us to be united to our Redeemer by faith only, if we be disjointed from Him by our morals, for he himself says, "Not every one that saith to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven." (See Matt. vii. 21.) Good works must be joined with a correct faith. Let us, then, by daily lamentations wash away our evils; let good works, springing from the love of God and our neighbor, overpass our past iniquities: let us assist our brethren in all the good that we can. For by none other means shall we become members of our Redeemer; except by dwelling in God, and by having compassion for our neighbor.

But as example rather than words is, for the most part, wont to move the hearts of hearers to the love of

God and their neighbor; I will tell you this for charity's sake, which my son Ephiphanius, now beside me, a deacon of the province of Isauria, told me, of a miracle that was wrought in Lycaonia. He relates that there was a certain man, by name Martyrius, a monk of a most reverential life, who made a visit from his own to another monastery, at the command of his spiritual father. As he went on his journey, he met on the way a certain leper, whom a terrific disease, running through all his limbs in deep wounds, had made a most loathsome object, and who was desirous to return to his hospice, but could not through weariness. It happened that that very hospice where the monk Martyrius was hastening had refused to have him; but the man of God had pity on the leper's weariness; so he forthwith took off and spread out his cloak which covered him, on the ground; and placing the leper thereon, and tying him well in, lifted him on his shoulders, and set forth on his return. And now, when he came near the gates of his monastery, the spiritual superior began to cry out with a loud voice: "Run, open the gates of the convent, for here comes our brother, Martyrius, carrying our Lord." And behold, immediately as he came to the porch of the monastery, he whom he took to be a leper, leaped off his back; and appearing to him as the Redeemer of the human race is wont to be recognised, the Man-Christ Jesus returned, in the sight of Martyrius, to Heaven; as he ascended, he said, "Martyrius, thou hast not been ashamed of me on earth,—I shall not be ashamed of thee in Heaven." When the holy man entered the monastery, his superior said, "Brother Martyrius, where is he whom you carried?" And he replied, "Had I known who he was, I should have taken hold of his feet."

Then he told how, when he carried Him, he had felt no burden. And no wonder,—for how should he feel His weight who carried Him who beareth all?

In this tale, let us reflect how profitable brotherly compassion is. How closely the bowels of mercy unite us with Almighty God. Hereafter we shall all draw near to Him who is above all, so let us, by brotherly compassion, as it were, carry him on our shoulders. As no one reaches a material height, but he that ascends, so, in spiritual things, it is certain, that the more we are given to pity, the more truly do we draw near to things above. Our Lord and Redeemer, in the last day, would not have said, "As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me," (St. Matt. xxv. 40,) unless he would show us before the Judgment, that whosoever doeth good works to those in need, are done unto him, if done through his love, and that the greater his reward shall be, the

more humiliating the office done. For what in human flesh is higher than the flesh of Christ, which is exalted above the angels? and what in human flesh is more abject than leprous flesh, which is cloven with swelling wounds, and filled with exhaling stench? But, behold! he appeared in the likeness of a leper; and he who is to be revered above all, disdained not to appear despised below all. And why this?—but that he would admonish us, who are slow of apprehension, that so far as any one would help Him who is in Heaven, he must not refuse to be humble on the earth, and to have compassion even on the most abject and despicable of his brethren.

I have spoken to your charity briefly, lest a longer discourse should not be retained. And may He of whom we have spoken grant it a good disposal, who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth for ever and ever. Amen.

#### THE SABBATH EVENING.

—————The Sabbath is ended !—  
 How calm and placid is the evening sky ! Even  
 So should the christian's bosom at  
 The closing of this holy day !—Not so,  
 However ; for as that same cloudless sky  
 By storms is darkened—so is the christian's  
 Breast ruffled and disturbed by passion  
 When most it should be still ! and why, oh ! why  
 Should all that heaven designs for brightness  
 Be marr'd or chang'd by earthly feelings ?  
 Why can he not go to his repose, as  
 Sweetly as yon sun that sinks beneath the  
 Wave ?—Just so it should be ! And then his soul  
 Might wake in God's own kingdom, if it be  
 That heav'n intends he ne'er shall rise again  
 To earthly ties—may my Sabbaths always  
 Close in perfect peace!—oh ! may blessings rest  
 On my sacred duties !—may this but be  
 A fore-taste of the joy and bliss I shall  
 Experience, when I quit this home of clay,  
 And soar to regions of eternal day !—



HOMILY OF ST. AUGUSTINE, ON THE GOSPEL FOR THE  
SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

GOSPEL.—St. Matthew vii. 15–21.—“At that time, Jesus said to his disciples: Beware of false prophets, who come to you in the clothing of sheep, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. By their fruits you shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, and the evil tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can an evil tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit, shall be cut down and shall be cast into the fire. Wherefore, by their fruits you shall know them. Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven; but he that doth the will of my Father, who is in Heaven, he shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven.”

IN this Gospel, our Lord speaks of the pursuit and acquirement of wisdom, that is, the word of life, which above all is to be sought after and held in possession, by contemplation; so that the eye of the soul may be guided to see how to enter into the narrow gate, and to discern the path that leadeth unto life by the strait way. As he saith<sup>r</sup> above, “Enter ye in at the narrow gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there are who go in thereat; but narrow is the gate, and strait is the way, that leadeth to life, and few there are that find it.” (St. Matthew vii. 13, 14.) Not that He says that His yoke is rough and His burden heavy; but that few are willing to make an end of their worldly labors, and give but little trust to his call: “Come to me, all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you; take up my yoke and learn of me, because I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest to your souls. For my yoke is sweet, and my burden light.” (St. Matthew xi. 28.) Hence it is that our Lord commences his sermon on the mount, by addressing himself to the meek and humble of heart; for many receive a

sweet yoke and a light burden, but few take it on themselves, for “strait is the way that leadeth to life, and narrow is the gate that openeth thereto.” Hence those who promise wisdom and a knowledge of the truth which they themselves know not, are to be especially avoided; such as those heretics who, for the most part, plume themselves on the fewness of their numbers; but when Christ said that there were few who find the strait way and narrow gate, that such might not support themselves from the circumstance of their numerical smallness, he forthwith subjoins: “Beware of false prophets, who come to you in the clothing of sheep, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.” And again, lest they should deceive the simple eye, he farther adds, that the tree shall be known by its fruits; for “By their fruits you shall know them:” and then he subjoins the similitudes, “Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so, every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, and the evil tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can an evil tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit, shall

be cut down and shall be cast into the fire. Wherefore, by their fruits you shall know them."

This passage, moreover, warns us against the error of those, who think that from these two trees, there are in themselves two natures—one of which is of God, but the other neither of God nor from God. Of this I have treated more fully elsewhere; here, the following will be enough, for I will show that their inference from these two trees cannot avail them; for it is so clear that he here speaks of men, that any one who reads the context before and after must wonder at their blindness: attend to what is said—"A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can an evil tree bring forth good fruit:" and hence they suppose that a soul that is bad, cannot be changed for a better, neither one that is good for the worse—as if it were said, A good tree cannot become an evil tree, neither can an evil tree, become good: but it is said, "A good tree cannot produce evil fruit, neither can an evil tree produce good fruit." The tree is the soul itself, and the man himself; the fruits are the works of man: therefore, an evil man cannot do good works, neither can a good man do evil works; and if a bad man would do good works, he must first become good. So also in another place our Lord says, more explicitly: "*Make* the tree good, and its fruit good." (St. Matth. xii. 33.) Now, if two natures were figured under these two trees, he would not have said, "*Make* the tree good," for who could change the nature of man? and after he had made mention of the two trees, he subjoined: "Ye hypocrites, how can you speak good things, whereas you are evil?" (Ibid. 34.) Wherefore, so long as any one is evil he cannot produce good fruit; and if any one shall produce good fruit,

then he shall be no longer evil. It may be said with truth, that snow cannot become hot; for when it becomes hot, then we no longer call it snow, but water. Therefore, it may happen that what was snow, is such no longer, but it cannot be that snow should become hot. So it may happen that he that was evil, is such no longer, but it cannot be that the evil man can do what is good; and farther, for our profit, this he does not become of himself, but through the means of Divine Providence; as it is said of the Pharisees: "Whatsoever they shall say to you, observe and do, but according to their works do ye not; for they say and do not." (St. Matthew xxiii. 3.) They spoke what was good, and the same was profitable to those who heard them, though they deceived themselves; "for they have sitten," he says, "in the chair of Moses." (Ibid. 2.) Wherefore, by Divine Providence, they who preach God's law may be profitable to those that hear them, albeit not to themselves. Of such, in another place, the prophet thus speaks: "They have sown wheat and reaped thorns;" (Jer. xii. 13;)—that is, their precept is good, but their practice evil. But those who heard, did what they taught them, gathered not grapes of thorns, but through thorns they plucked grapes of the vine; just as if one were to stretch his arm through a quickset hedge, would assuredly gather the cluster from the vine, not from the thorn that surrounds it; for the fruit is not of the thorn, but of the vine.

It is well to inquire, what fruits our Lord would have us attend to; by which we may know the tree. For many look only to the sheep's clothing, and so are deceived by the wolf; such as by the good works of prayer, fasting, and alms-deeds: now, unless all these could be done



by the hypocrite, He would not have said, above, "Take heed, that you do not your justice before men, to be seen by them." (St. Matth. vi. 1.) All which good works are there particularly enumerated, viz., alms-deed, prayer, and fasting. Now, many give liberally to the poor, not through mercy, but vain show; and many pray, rather that they may be seen to pray, not looking to God, but seeking to please men; and many fast, and pretend to a marvellous abstinence before those who reckon such works hard, and worthy of honor; and thus they catch in their snares, and slay those who could not perceive the wolf under the sheep's clothing.

These, then, are not the fruits by which the tree shall be known; but such works as are done in a good heart, in the truth, are properly the clothing of the sheep, and so long as they that do them are in error, they but cover the wolf. Far less should the sheep hate its own clothing, although so often the wolf be screened thereby. What then are the fruits on finding which we may know that the tree is evil? The apostle tells us: "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are fornication, uncleanness, immodesty, luxury, idolatry, witchcrafts, enmities, contentions, emulations, wraths, quarrels, dissensions, sects, envies, murders, drunkenness, and such like; of the which I foretell you, that they who do such things, shall not obtain the kingdom of God." (Gal. v. 19.) Neither that joy which longs after virtue, and which is the peculiar property of the saints, seeing that the great mirth and lusts of the sinner cannot be reckoned joy. And the fruits by which we shall know that the tree is good, are thus enumerated by the same apostles: "But the fruit of the spirit is, charity, joy, peace, patience, benignity, goodness,

longanimity, mildness, faith, modesty, continency, chastity." To know this, is to know what is properly called joy; for evil men cannot rightly be said to possess joy—but rather the mirth of animal enjoyment; they know nothing of that good-will which is properly fixed, which the bad cannot have; and which acts according to the precept, "All things whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do you also to them." (St. Matth. vii. 12.) So that by the very property of the word, joy is a term only applicable to the good: as also the prophet saith, "There is no joy to the wicked, saith the Lord."

In most excellent order, we are told first to clear our own eye, and then what we must avoid; for though one's eye may be clear, and his life show that his heart is single and sincere, yet he cannot look into the heart of another. Whatsoever appears not in words or deeds, is made manifest in the day of temptation, and temptation is two-fold, either in the hope of obtaining some temporal gain, or in the fear of losing one. Above all, you must beware lest while you go after wisdom, which can be found in Christ alone, "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," (Col. ii. 3)—lest in the very name of Christ, you be deceived by heretics, or by those that know him ill, or by the "lovers of this world." Wherefore he admonishes us, saying, "Not every one that saith to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven; but he that doth the will of my Father who is in Heaven, he shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven." Let us not think that we have fruit, because we say, Lord, Lord! and on that account, suppose that our tree is good; but this is the fruit which we must produce, namely, to do the will of our Father who is in Heaven, an example of which

He himself hath vouchsafed to give us. "No man speaking by the Spirit of God," saith the apostle, "can say anathema to JESUS; and no man can say, the LORD JESUS, but by the Holy Ghost." (1 Cor. xii. 3.) Our Lord says, "Not all that say unto me, Lord, Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven," as if he had said, Not those who neither wish for nor understand what they say, but rather those who express their will and intention by the sound of their voice, in whom there is joy in the Holy Ghost, (Gal. v. 21,) and "who rejoice not in iniquity." (1 Cor. xiii. 6.) Not that any one could rejoice in iniquity—seeing that such is rather an elation of the mind by gestures, than that true joy which

the good alone possess. Though men may seem to say, Lord, Lord! yet if it be not said with the will and understanding, but only with the lips, then of such our Lord speaketh,—“Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven: but he that doth the will of my Father who is in Heaven, he shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven:” for they alone truly and properly address him, who with all their will and mind, turn not away from the full meaning of the word, but call upon their Lord according to the signification which the apostle gives it, when he says, “No man can say the LORD JESUS, but by the Holy Ghost.” (1 Cor. xii. 3.)

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## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

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BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

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A wanderer from that land  
Where summer reigns for ever more,  
And living streams on every hand  
Their priceless treasures pour,

Stood on life's arid waste  
Athirst and faint, and at a pool  
Did stoop, its waters dark to taste,  
His fevered lips to cool;

But, tasting, turned away  
With loathing, and his steps retrod  
Back to the realms of endless day—  
The dwelling-place of God.



HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY,

(Translated expressly for the Catholic Expositor.)

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.\*

Ave maris stella, etc.

I.

STAR of the deep, serene,  
Sweet Mother of our God,  
A virgin thou hast ever been,  
We hail thee, gate of heaven.

II.

When Gabriel's lips addres'd  
Those blessed words, *all hail!*  
Peace was secured to every breast:—  
The name of Eve was changed.

III.

The guilt-bound heart unchain,  
Shed light upon the blind;  
Banish all evils—and obtain  
All blessings for us here.

IV.

Oh! from thyself to be  
A mother—let our prayers  
With favor rise to Him, through thee,  
Who stooped to be thy child.

V.

Thou Virgin most renowned,  
And singularly meek, [bound,  
Sunder the chains by which we are  
And make us meek and chaste.

VI.

That pure our lives may be,  
And safe our path below,  
Until our Jesus we shall see,  
And without end enjoy.

VII.

Be to the Father's name,  
And to the Mighty Son,  
And Holy Paraclete, the same  
Eternal, equal praise.

HYMN TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.†

O gloriosa Virginum, etc.

I.

O glorious Virgin! most sublime  
Among the stars of heaven!  
To nourish Him—a helpless babe—  
Who made thee, it was given.

II.

The loss our race, through hapless Eve  
Was destined to sustain,  
Is now repaired through thee;—the gates  
Of bliss are oped again.

III.

Of the high King thou art the Door,  
Of Light the brilliant Hall;  
Nations redeemed, rejoice! for life  
Through her is given to all.

IV.

Glory to Jesus, Virgin-born,  
And to the Father be,  
And to the Holy Paraclete,  
For all eternity.

\* In Sabbato—at vespers.

† At Lauds.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

## VOLTAIRE'S LIFE, POLITICAL, LITERARY, AND MORAL.

BY M. LEPAN.

## CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Voltaire first attracted literary notice, the love of letters had attained, in France, a higher degree of popularity than it has ever attained in any other nation. The productions of the great men of Louis the Fourteenth's reign were circulated among all ranks, and furnished occupation to the minds of all.

Every one, no matter how scanty his education might have been, pride himself upon possessing a library, upon whose shelves might be seen the works of poets, historians, pulpit orators, of *savants*, to the exclusion of those frivolous books which have since replaced them. These dispositions to foster works of merit, at the period when the bright galaxy of light diffused by the brothers Corneille, Borleau, Racine, Crébillon, Bourdaloue, Bossuet, Fenelon, Massillon, Rollin, was gradually disappearing, must of course have been a very propitious time to ensure a favorable reception to those works which gave promise of future genius. Who can tell what hopes were raised by *Œdipus* and the *Henriad*, the productions of a young man?

All eyes were turned towards him: his success obtained him powerful protectors, to whom the great spread of his writings is mainly attributed; even when his literary works were succeeded by political ones, and these, in their turn, by licentious ones, and these, again, by

those of completely disorganizing tendency, the sad effects of which did not at first excite apprehension, and which the love of novelty, so prevalent in France, caused to be insensibly overlooked.

Party spirit ere long assumed the place of a taste for literature. A sect was formed, and thenceforth the writings of Voltaire were lauded without measure by his friends; and even previous to their publication, his associates took care to dispose public opinion in their favor, by praising the manuscripts: assisted by these means, they were soon dispersed through France, and from thence through Europe: everywhere, therefore, men were to be found disposed to receive books tending to the overthrow of morals and religion.

In 1736, at the time of Voltaire's journey to Paris, he was far from possessing the high standing he afterwards enjoyed; he only remained three months in the capital, and was *obliged* to leave the city in consequence of the publication of his poem entitled the *Worldling*, which drew upon him the enmity of an infinite number of persons. He fled once more to Cirey, but not considering this retreat sufficiently secure, he departed from thence, on the fourth of December, for Holland, and travelled under the assumed name of the Count de Revol.

This was the most severe trial to which this incorrigible man had as yet been exposed, and that which he felt



most keenly. After a lapse of fifteen years, when he arrived in Prussia, he complained that the *Worldling* had been seized upon, as a pretext for requiring his exile. Yielding to that vindictive disposition, which he exhibited on so many occasions, he wrote to the Count d'Argental on the 28th of August, 1750, "You will say that fifteen years have elapsed since this occurred. No, it is but a day: this atrocious injustice is ever a fresh wound to me."

What! is it unjust to punish an immoral work, which its corrupted author might consider as a mere badinage, but which government, as the guardian of public morals, would view in a far different light? Was any pretext needed for the exile of a man, who, eighteen months previous, had avoided imprisonment only by a precipitate flight? who had only returned three months before? who was tolerated merely on account of his friends, or else through extreme indulgence?

A few months after this occurrence, the self-styled Count de Revol returned *incognito* to Cirey, (1767.) He spread abroad the report that he was in England; and the better to deceive, all his letters were dated as from Cambridge. To Monsieur Moussinot he wrote as follows: "I again reiterate the request made on a former occasion, viz., that you would not speak to any one concerning my affairs, and particularly that you would say to all that I am in England. I have strong reasons for this. I am very glad that Mr. Berger\* thinks that I am in England. I am there for all the world except you."

We have already said that it was not that Voltaire was a persecuted individual. It was his turbulent

character, which was the means of bringing him incessantly into difficulties and troubles.

Whilst in the seclusion of Cirey, he composed *Mahomet*, *Meropa*, and the *Seven Philosophical Discourses on Man*. His intervals of leisure were filled up by chemistry and philosophy. It would have been well for him if he had not gone beyond these works.

While engaged in these occupations, his ire was unfortunately aroused by the perusal of *Parnassus' Week*, edited by Desfontaines, in which the editor had unluckily permitted himself to criticise Voltaire indirectly. In 1724, he was the friend of Desfontaines, whose acquaintance he had made at Monsieur de Bernieres', who was related to Desfontaines,\* and at who sehouse onr poet then resided. This friendship had been strengthened by a service rendered by Voltaire to Desfontaines, on account of Monsieur de Bernieres, at the period of the unfortunate incarceration of Desfontaines, at Bicêtre; when Voltaire wrote a memorial, justifying his conduct, besides taking other steps in his behalf—all of which contributed to release Desfontaines from his imprisonment. He, however, did not consider himself as bound through gratitude, so far as to fail in his duty as an editor, and it was in that capacity that he criticised the *Temple of Taste*, *The Elements of Newton's Philosophy*, &c.

The praises he subsequently awarded to other productions of Voltaire, seemed to have healed the breach, since the latter wrote on the 14th November, 1735, as follows: "If, sir, your friendship has dictated what I have perused in No. 34, which you have sent me, then

\* One of his correspondents, and an intimate friend, he was in the habit of styling him, *his dear Berger*.

\* Desfontaines was cousin to the Marchioness de Flavacourt, and to Madame de Tourailles, and these ladies were sisters to the father of Monsieur de Bernieres.

my heart is more affected by this, than my self-love was wounded by the remarks in the preceding numbers."

Who would believe that three months afterwards, when the editor had probably been silent, this same Voltaire wrote to Berger, February, 1736, to ask, "What had become of Desfontaines? Where is the kennel of the dog that bit his masters?"

On the twenty-seventh September of the same year, he wrote to Thiriot, "I had removed the name of that monster Desfontaines from the '*Ode to Ingratitude*,' but it would not admit of those emendations; and it is better to mar Desfontaines, than to spoil my Ode." Thus he acted with those whom he had called his friends; he sacrificed them to the fear of disfiguring an ode: yet it is well known that he placed no value upon that kind of poetry, and that he had good reasons for so doing.

After perusing the foregoing, what will be thought of Condorcet and Duvernet, the biographers of Voltaire, who have had the assurance to say that he silently endured the calumnies of Desfontaines and Rousseau, and for the space of twenty years, he refrained from giving vent to his anger?

Those who could thus deviate from the truth, were, nevertheless, men who pretended to be philosophers. It is true that their leader had requested them "to lie, not timidly, not for a time, but boldly, and upon all occasions. . . . Lie, my friends, lie; I will take the opportunity to return the favor."\*

The reader will recollect the dispositions of Voltaire in 1738, three months after the signature of what might be designated as a treaty of peace between him and Desfontaines; his unwillingness to undergo further criticism, will not therefore excite

surprise. He became anxious to revenge this fresh wound upon his temper, and published a pamphlet, entitled the *Preservative*, which was solely meant for Desfontaines, which was the more unjust on the part of Voltaire, as he knew, better than any other individual, that Desfontaines was not guilty of the offence Voltaire charged him with committing. He knew this; and although he had penned a memorial in behalf of Desfontaines, the latter answered the *Preservative*, by the publication of the *Voltaireomania*.

Voltaire was deeply mortified, and was not accustomed to encounter so strong an adversary. It is a question whether he ever experienced more sorrow than in this circumstance. He was already wincing under the attacks of Guyot de Melville, of Tore, the bookseller, and of Piron. The *Voltaireomania* may be said to have crushed him for the time. He was taken sick, but even when convalescent, his anger continued unabated.

During one of these paroxysms, he wrote thus to the Marquis d'Argens, the second of January, 1739: "Monsieur Desfontaines, your enemy—mine—and that of the whole world, has published a slanderous libel against me, of so horrid a character, that public indignation has been excited against its author, and public sympathy expressed for the offended party, the usual recompense of calumny."

The words, "*your enemy—that of the whole world*," depict Voltaire's passion in the most correct manner. Such is the natural inclination of man whatever affects him sensibly, appears to him calculated to cause the same effect upon others. The author of the *Preservative* was so utterly blinded by prejudice, that he was unable to see that, with the exception of his most devoted partisans, all thought like Desfontaines.

\* See his letter to Thiriot, Oct. 21, 1736.



He was, it is true, the aggressor, but what did he attack? The *Temple of Taste*, the *Elements of Newton's Philosophy*, the *Death of Cæsar*, and other writings, which were disapproved of by the sound portion of the public.

Voltaire was anxious to destroy not merely the productions of Desfontaines, but their author himself.

He laid aside his other occupations, and devoted three months to writing petitions, in soliciting testimonials in his favor, in making application to all those whom he hoped to interest in his behalf, in seeking for protectors among those in high stations, in intrigues among the ministers of police.

It is somewhat amusing, amidst all these, to hear Voltaire exclaim, "Am I to have so much trouble with that Desfontaines?"

Nothing could give us a better insight into Voltaire's disposition than the perusal of letters on this subject addressed by him to the Count d'Argental, and to his old friend Thiriot, whom he was desirous of securing as witness to appear against Desfontaines before the police court.

If he were to be credited, the attack upon him was a fit subject for the criminal court: "An outrage of this kind, if tolerated by the magistracy, would be an eternal insult to belles-lettres. A suitable apology offered by the offender to the offended party, would be creditable to the ministry."\*

"In the name of God, I ought to obtain satisfaction."† "I ought at least to obtain, that this libel be publicly burnt by authority."‡

Voltaire had written an infamous libel against Desfontaines, which was the more scandalous, from the

fact that it was accompanied by an engraving, which, as it outraged public morals, became a public offence; and Voltaire, forsooth, was to be absolved from the punishment due such an offence!

Desfontaines answered the libel violently, it is true, but at least its shafts were aimed at Voltaire alone; yet the former was to be punished by the criminal court! his pamphlet was to be publicly burnt!

We see in this the boasted spirit of equity of our philosopher.

The friends of both parties attempted to effect a compromise between them, but Voltaire refused his assent. The case was at length brought before Judge Herault for hearing, at the request of the Marquis d'Argenson, and of other persons of rank. The judge sent for Desfontaines, who was compelled to sign a document, in which he formally disavowed the libel, for publication in the newspapers. This paper was written by the Marquis.§

Voltaire had hardly time to rest after the fatigues of the adjustment of this quarrel, before he left for Brussels with Madame du Chatelet, the 8th May, 1739, as she was involved in a law-suit with Messieurs Honsbrouck. He returned to Paris, shortly after: he intended to stay a month only in the capital, but he was detained three months by sickness. He left at the close of November for Cirey, whence he returned to Brussels. Voltaire spent the next year, (1740,) and a portion of the succeeding one, either at Brussels or at the Hague, in consequence of Madame de Chatelet's law-suit. The case having been carried to another court, as the settlement was to be effected at Cirey, the travellers returned thither in the beginning of winter.

Amidst the various occupations of

\* Letter to Thiriot, 10th January 1739.

† Letter to the Count d'Argental, 25th January, 1739.

‡ Letter to the same, 6th February.

§ Letter of Voltaire to the Marquis, June 31, 1739.

the poet, he was incessantly retouching his play of Mahomet, which he thought would be his best tragedy. He was, however, obliged to relinquish this pleasing task, to accompany Madame du Chatelet during her visit to the Countess d'Autrai. This lady kindly allowed them the use of her mansion in Paris, where they arrived in the beginning of February, in all probability to hasten the performance of Mahomet; but in spite of this, it was only played the ninth of August, and the author's presence was not sufficient to prevent the prohibition of the performance after the third representation.—This affords us an opportunity to relate some anecdotes, which may be said perfectly to delineate the character of our philosopher. The performance of his tragedy is forbidden at Paris, as an attack upon religion; nothing daunted, he sends it to Rome with the following lines, for the portrait of Benedict XIV. :—

Lambertinus hic est Romæ decus  
et pater orbis,  
Qui mundum scriptis docuit, virtutibus ornat.

The letter which accompanied Mahomet, begged of his Holiness to forgive the author's presumption in consecrating to the *head of the true religion*, a work written *against the founder of a false and barbarous religion*.

He gave great offence twenty years subsequent to this period, by taking down a cross which interrupted the prospect from his castle, and also by causing a great portion of the parish church to be demolished. At this juncture, he wrote at once to the Pope, in order that the excommunication with which he was threatened, for his sacrilegious conduct, might be stayed. He then wrote the following to the Count d'Argental, informing him at the same time of his appeal to Rome :—

“My destiny is to insult Rome, and to make use of it for the gratification of my whims.”\*

As he was fearful that the personage of Idama, in the play of the “*Orphan of China*,” might be considered as designed against Madame de Pompadour, he determined to dedicate the tragedy to her. “This would,” he said, “prevent any bad impression from being given her.” He afterwards deemed this expedient insufficient, and thought it best as much as possible to remove the offensive allusions contained in the play, and finally dedicated it to the Duke of Richelieu. It was thus that Voltaire anticipated storms, and contrived to evade them by every means within the scope of his power. He had been compelled to yield to the law in the case of Mahomet, but he did not feel discouraged thereby. Notwithstanding his fiery temper, it may truly be said of him that he well understood the art of temporizing with circumstances. He often said, that “time brings every thing round.”

Count d'Argenson, brother of the Marquis, having become Secretary of State, requested d'Alembert, who was Voltaire's friend, to review Mahomet; a few lines were retrenched, which were deemed obnoxious, merely for pretence, as it was again performed in 1751, notwithstanding Monsieur Berrier's opposition.

So little did Voltaire dissemble the principles it contained, that he wrote to the Count d'Argental, 28th September, 1768 : “Now that Mahomet has been performed, *nothing need be despaired of*. Caiphas and Pilate may one day appear on the stage.”† He boasted in company that his reason for preferring Mahomet to his other tragedies, was

\* Letter to the Count d'Argental, July 24, 1761.

† Letter to D'Argental, October 6th, 1764.



because he had intended it to make Christianity appear odious.\*

"The time will come when we will make the popes perform in the theatre, as the Greeks did with the Atridæ, and with Thygestus, in order to render them odious."† *The time* has indeed come, for who can doubt that we are indebted to that philosophical invitation for those numerous plays, wherein morality is scandalously outraged, and religion is openly ridiculed.

\* La Harpe. Cours de Littérature.

† Letter to Laurin, 1764.

He relinquished, for the time, any further efforts in behalf of Mahomet, and left Paris for Brussels with Madame du Chatelet, whose suit was not yet decided. This was in 1742, and they both returned to Paris at the close of November, of the same year.‡

‡ There are several works which might be looked upon as authorities in which Voltaire is said to have travelled in Prussia in 1742. I have carefully examined every source of information, and I am convinced that he only saw Frederick the Great at Aix-la-Chapelle in the course of this year; it was only the following year (1743) that he visited Berlin.

FROM THE CATHOLIC ADVOCATE.

## RIGHT REV. DR. DE TREVERN.

THE distinguished Dr. Trevern, late Bishop of Strasbourg, is no more. His remains were deposited in the funeral vault of the chapel of St. Laurence, in Strasbourg, and were conducted thither by a vast concourse of mourners, attended by the military, as also by the civil authorities of the city. As this pious prelate was well known by his writings, and particularly by his admirable work, *The Amicable Discussion*, a brief sketch of his life will be interesting to our readers. It is taken from a journal of Strasbourg, the *Alsace*.

"John Francis Mary Lepape De Trevern, was born at Morlaix on the twenty-second October, 1754, of one of the most honorable families of Lower Brittany. He made his first studies in the college of Quimper, and then entered the college Duplessis, Richelieu at Paris. He was constantly at the head of his class, and especially in poetry, manifested a marked superiority

over his fellow-students. His mind ever preserved the bias it received from the profound classical studies which he had made, and at the age of eighty-four he was still able to enliven his conversations with quotations from the most beautiful passages of the poets and orators of antiquity. In 1775, he entered the seminary of St. Magloire, where he gave four years to the study of Theology, after which, for three years, he was master of conferences. On quitting the seminary of St. Magloire, he followed the course of the Sorbonne, and in 1784, was created Doctor of Divinity. This year he received the Priesthood, and immediately after was named vicar general of M. De La Luzeme, Bishop of Langres. He took an active part in the labors of this indefatigable advocate of religion. Having refused to take the oath to the civil constitution of the clergy, he was obliged to expatriate, and sought refuge in England. His

talents and amiability soon rendered him conspicuous among the illustrious companions of his exile. Many of the noblest families of the country proffered him hospitality. He refused for a long time, saying, "I am young; I can support myself by the lessons in French which I give. Many of my companions have not the same resources which I have. Give to them the aid which you tender to me." At length, however, he yielded to the reiterated entreaties of Lord Carlisle, and became a guest of this benefactor of French exiles.

"As the house of Lord Carlisle was the resort of the first society of London, M. De Trevern soon found himself in friendly relation with the most distinguished persons of the English capital. Among these was the Austrian Ambassador, through whom he was made known to Prince Esterhazy, and invited to take charge of the education of his son Prince Paul. Notwithstanding the numerous duties incidental to a charge so important, he economized his time so judiciously as to be able to continue his theological labors, and complete his *Amicable Discussions*." This is incontestably one of the best controversial works which we have. The style is pure and elevated, and the different points of doctrine in controversy between Catholics and Protestants, are discussed with equal profoundness and sagacity. The *Amicable Discussion* of M. De Trevern, has contributed most powerfully to bring on the religious movement now taking place in England.

In 1814, M. De Trevern came back to France, but on the return of Napoleon from Elba, he again went to Austria, where he remained till 1818. In passing through Strasbourg, on his return to France, he gave a series of conferences on the proofs of religion. These were

printed at a later period, and published under the title of *Discourses on Incredulity, and on the Certitude of Christian Revelation*. Named Bishop of Acre in 1825, he was transferred to the See of Strasbourg in 1827. The year following, Charles the Tenth, who regarded him with particular veneration, honored him with the title of Counsellor of State.

"The first object of solicitude to the new bishop of Strasbourg, was the education of the clergy. The two little seminaries of Lachapelle and of Strasbourg were directed by professors of merit, and with reference to instruction, left little to be desired. But the first was sinking under the debts which were necessarily contracted for the purchase of a situation; the second had not yet an edifice of its own, and the rent absorbed all its resources. M. De Trevern imposed on himself great pecuniary sacrifices, and also made an appeal to the generosity of the clergy and faithful of his diocese. The appeal was heard. The seminary of Lachapelle revived, and that of Strasbourg was enabled to secure a situation in one of the most healthy and airy quarters of the city. The great seminary was upon a better footing, thanks to a wise and provident administration. The studies there were as complete as could be, considering the time that the students passed in the seminary. Having noticed that the demand for priests was less urgent, M. De Trevern ordained that henceforward the young levites should pass four years in the seminary, in place of three, as formerly. Besides, he established, at his country house, a school for higher ecclesiastical studies, where each year he invited from fourteen to eighteen of the most promising youths, who had completed their course at the seminary; and to the most ardent zeal

for their progress in study, he joined the most noble disinterestedness, for he maintained them at his own expense. It is to the measures taken by the illustrious prelate, that the seminary of Strasbourg is indebted for the reputation which it enjoys, throughout France, for the solidity of its teaching.

"The charity of Bishop De Tervern was inexhaustible: notwithstanding the smallness of his income, he co-operated in every good work. At the beginning of every month he caused abundant alms to be distributed; and each year, at the open-

ing of winter, the poor came to his chateau, for the firewood with which his liberality was accustomed to supply them. We will say nothing of the heroic firmness with which he knew how to defend the deposit of Catholic doctrine, and to maintain the purity of faith and ecclesiastical discipline. We shall not describe the evangelical piety which was always admired in him when celebrating the sacred mysteries of the worship of which he was a pontiff: a biographical notice should not be a funeral panegyric."

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## SOIRÉES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

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BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

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### BOOK VI. CHAPTER II.

LOCKE has discovered, that if in modern languages national names are not to be found to express, for example, *ostracism* or *proscription*, it is because among the people who speak these languages, there is neither *ostracism* nor *proscription*;\* and this consideration leads him to a general theorem, which sheds the brightest lustre on the metaphysics of language: *that men speak but rarely to themselves, and never to others, of things which have received no name*. So that, (remark this well, for this is a principle,) *what has no name, never will be named in conversation*.

He has discovered that relations may change without changing the subject. You are a father, for ex-

ample: your child dies; Locke finds out that you cease to be a father at the same instant, although your child should have died in America. *Caius*, he says, *whom I consider to-day as a father, ceases to be so to-morrow, ONLY by the death of his son, without any alteration made in himself.*†

"Ah, he is a charming writer!" exclaimed the Chevalier; "and were he now living, I should go all the way to London to embrace him."

"I could not let you go, however, my dear Chevalier," remarked the Count, "before explaining to you the doctrine of negative ideas. Locke would inform you *that we have negative names, which stand not*

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\* Book II. ch. xxviii. § 6.

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† Book II. xxv. § 5.



*directly for positive ideas.\* What is silence? it is noise; PLUS, the absence of noise. What is NOTHING?†* [This is important, as it is the most general expression of negative ideas.] Locke answers, with a depth which cannot be too much praised, *it is the idea of a being.* To which we add, merely for greater safety, that of *the absence of a being.*

But this NOTHING is nothing compared to all the fine things which I might adduce concerning the talent of Locke for definitions in general. I recommend this point to you as very essential, as it is one of the most amusing. You perhaps know that Voltaire, with that levity which never left him, has said, that *Locke is the first philosopher who has taught men to define the words which they make use of; and that, with his great mind, he never ceases to say—*DEFINE. Now, this is exquisite; for it happens that Locke is the only philosopher who has said, *Do not define!‡* and who, nevertheless, has never ceased defining, and in the most ridiculous manner.

Are you curious, for instance, to know what is *power*, Locke will have the goodness to inform you—*It is a succession of simple ideas, of which some are born and others perish.‡* You are, doubtless, dazzled by the clearness of it; but I can cite you far more beautiful things. In vain have all metaphysicians cautioned us, with one common assent, against seeking to define those elevated notions which serve themselves to define others. The genius of Locke triumphs over these heights: he can give us, for example, a definition of *existence* much more clear than the idea awakened in our minds by the mere enuncia-

tion of the word. He teaches that *existence is the idea which is in our minds, and which we consider as being actually THERE, as well as we consider things to be actually without us; which is, that they exist or have existence.*

It would seem impossible to raise himself higher, did we not find his definition of unity. You are aware, perhaps, how Alexander's preceptor had already defined it in its most general acceptation. *Unity*, he said, *is being*; and chimerical unity, in particular, is *the beginning and measure of all quantity.* Not so bad, as you perceive; but here the progress of light is striking. *Unity*, says Locke, *is whatever we can consider as one being, whether a real being or idea.* To this definition, which had added new fuel to the falsity of the late *M. De la Palice*, Locke adds, with all possible gravity: *It is thus the understanding acquires the idea of unity.* We are, then, far advanced, beyond doubt, in the inquiry into the origin of ideas!

His definition of solidity has its merit likewise: *'Tis that which prevents two bodies which are moved, one towards the other, of the power of touching.* Any one who has formed his opinion of Locke only from reputation, would hardly believe his own eyes or ears, were he to judge for himself. But I can astonish as astonishment itself, by citing his definition of an atom: *a continual body under one immutable superficies!* (Book ii. ch. xxxii. § 3.)

Do you feel any curiosity to know now Locke's knowledge of the natural sciences? Pay attention, I request you. You are aware, that when we estimate velocity, in ordinary conversation, we seldom com-

\* II.viii. § 5.

† Vide Book III. ch. iv. is well commented on by Condillac. Among other things, we read that the Cartesians were not ignorant that there are ideas clearer than any

definitions that can be given, but did not know the reason why. Could Descartes, Malebranche, Lami, Cardinal de Polignac, return to life, *Oqui cachinni!*

‡ Book II. ch. xxi. § 1.

pare spaces, seeing that this velocity is commonly referred to the space gone over. For example: to estimate the velocity of two horses, I would not say that one went from here to *Strelna* in forty minutes, and the other to *Ramina-Ostroff* in ten minutes—obliging you thus to take out your pencil and make an arithmetical operation to know what that means. But I would say, that the two horses went, I suppose, from *St. Petersburg* to *Strelna*; one in forty minutes, and the other in fifty. Now, it is evident, that in these cases, the velocity being simply proportioned to the time, there are no spaces to compare. Well, gentlemen, this profound species of mathematics did not suit the mind of Locke. He believed that his human brethren had not, up to his time, perceived that, in the estimation of velocity, space should be taken into consideration. He gravely complains, that men, after having measured time by the motion of the heavenly bodies, measure motion by time; whereas, it is obvious to every one who reflects ever so little on it, that to measure motion, space is as necessary to be considered as time. Behold, a beautiful discovery in truth! immortal thanks to MASTER JOHN, who has condescended to let us participate in it! But this is not all. Locke has likewise discovered, that those who look a little farther, will find also the bulk of the thing moved necessary to be taken into the computation by any one who will estimate or measure motion so as to judge right of it.\* Does he mean to say that to estimate the quantity of motion every one who LOOKS FARTHER will perceive that the mass is to be taken into consideration? This is an absurdity of the first order. Or does he mean, on the contrary, to affirm, (which is infinitely more pro-

bable,) that *on the computation of velocity, a man of genius must understand that regard must be had to the space gone over: and that a man of still greater genius must perceive that attention should also be paid to the mass?* if so, it seems to me that no language has terms to qualify this proposition.

Do you now wish to see how Locke was imbued with the grossest sectarian prejudices, and to what a point he had been crammed with Protestantism? He was determined, then, in some part of his work, to speak of the *real presence*. On that, I have nothing to say: he was welcome to this pastime; but he was, at least, bound to speak like a man with his head on his shoulders, instead of saying, as he does, *let the idea of infallibility be inseparably joined to any person, and these two constantly together possess the mind, and the one body in two places at once shall, unexamined, be swallowed for a certain truth, by implicit faith, whenever that imagined infallible person dictates or demands assent without inquiry.*† What should be thought of a man who could read Bellarmine, a man who was contemporary with Petau and Bossuet; who, from Dover, could hear the bells of Calais; who had travelled and spent some time in France; who had passed his life in the midst of the noise of controversy; who seriously published that the Catholic Church believes the real presence *on the faith* of a certain personage who gives us his word and honor! This is not one of those distractions, one of those purely human errors, which we feel ourselves interested in pardoning mutually; it is a trait of ignorance alone—inconceivable ignorance—which would have done no honor to a shop-boy of Mansfield in the sixteenth

\* Book II. ch. xiv. § 22.

† Book II. 23. § 17.

century ; and what is unpardonable, is, that Locke, with this tone of humility which never forsakes him when he treats of disputed dogmas, has given room for Protestant pens, the wisest and most elegant in other respects, to charge us with SWALLOWING this dogma *unexamined*. Unexamined ! he is jesting. Whom does he, then, take us to be ? Have we no minds like his own ? For my part, if I had learned this doctrine by a sudden inspiration, I should be very much surprised, indeed !

It must strike you, gentlemen, that to enter profoundly into the examination of the *Essay on Human Understanding*, would far transgress the bounds of one conversation. Enough has been said, however, to give a general idea of the work, and to expose its most dangerous or ridiculous parts. If ever you are called upon to a more rigorous examination, I recommend to you the chapter on liberty. La Harpe, forgetting what he had before often said, *that he did not understand anything but literature*,\* is in ecstasy with the definition which Locke gives of liberty. Behold, he majestically exclaims, *behold there philosophy* !† He ought to have said : *behold a work of capacity demonstrated* ! Since Locke makes liberty consist in the power of acting, whereas this word, purely negative, signifies but *the absence of an obstacle* : as liberty is, and can only be, the *will unfettered*, that is to say, the will. Condillac, adding an authoritative tone to the mediocrity of his master, has said in his turn, *that liberty is the mere force of doing what one does not, or of not doing what one does*. This pretty antithesis may fill with doubt

a mind unaccustomed to this sort of discussion ; but, for one well instructed and put upon his guard, it is evident that Condillac here takes the result, or exterior sign of liberty, which is a physical action, for liberty itself, which is altogether a moral one. *Liberty is the power of acting* ! How, then, is not a man in prison, loaded with chains, capable of rendering himself guilty of all crimes ? He has only to wish it. Ovid speaks on this point, in unison with the gospel :  
*Qui, quia non licuit, non facit, ille facit.*

If, then, liberty is not *the power to act*, it must be *the power to will*. But the power of willing is the will itself ; and to inquire if the will can will, is to ask if *perception has the power of perceiving*—if *reason has the power of reasoning* : that is to say, if the circle is a circle, the triangle a triangle, &c. : in a word, *if essence is essence*. Now, if you consider that GOD himself cannot force the will, for a forced will is a contradiction in terms, you will perceive that the will can be agitated and controlled only by attraction (an admirable end, which all the philosophers together never could have invented). Now, attraction can have no other effect on the will than that of augmenting its energies, and making it will more, insomuch that attraction no more affects the will, or liberty, than knowledge of any order affects the understanding. The anathema which weighs on unhappy human nature, is the twofold attraction of which Ovid sings :

*Vim sentit geminam paratque incerta duabus.*‡

The philosopher who reflects on this terrible enigma, will render jus-

*not to do it, conformably to the determination of his mind ; in virtue of which he prefers one thing to another.* (Ibid. to xxiii. *Philosophie* du 18me Siècle, art, *Helvetius*. A terrible lesson not to speak above what one does not understand !

‡ *Metamorph.* viii. 472.

\* Lycée, tom. xxii. art *D'Alembert*.

† He has given others, but changed them according as his friends or conscience told him : *What is it then you wish to say* ? But that which called forth the admiration of *La Harpe*, is the following : *Liberty is the power which an agent possesses to do an action or*



tice to the Stoics, who anticipated a fundamental dogma of Christianity by describing that *the wise man is the only freeman*. At present it is no longer a paradox, but an incontestable truth of the highest order. *Where there is the Spirit of God, there is liberty*. Any individual who is not convinced of this, will eternally revolve around principle, like the circle of Bernouilli, without ever touching it. Now would you understand how far Locke was, on this point, as on so many others, removed from the truth? Listen to him, I pray you, for the following is ineffable: "*Liberty, which is a faculty, has nothing common with the will, which is another faculty: and it is not less absurd to ask if the will of man is free, than to ask if his sleep is rapid*. What say you to this?"

"That, indeed, is a little too hard!" replied the Senator. "But is your memory complaisant enough to recollect the demonstration of this fine theorem? for, undoubtedly, he has given one."

"It is of a character not easily to be forgotten, and you will judge of it for yourself," continued the Count. *A man falling into the water, (a bridge breaking under him,) has not herein liberty; is not a free agent; for, though he has volition, though he prefers not falling to falling, yet the forbearance of this motion not being in his power, &c.\** I hope you are convinced. Yet the inexhaustible genius of Locke can present you the demonstration under a still more luminous point of view. *Again, suppose a man be carried, whilst fast asleep, into a room where is a person he longs to see and speak with; he awakes, and is glad to find himself in so desirable company, which he stays willingly in: ID EST, prefers his stay to his going away. . . . . Yet being locked fast in, 'tis evident . . . he has not freedom to begone . . .*

*so that liberty is not an idea belonging to volition."*

I flatter myself you have nothing more to desire: but to speak seriously, what do you think of a philosopher capable of writing such absurdities? All that I have just cited is but false or ridiculous, or both. But Locke deserves other reproaches. What a plank in shipwreck has he not offered to materialism, (which has eagerly seized it,) in maintaining *that thought belongs to matter*. I, indeed, am of opinion that this, assertion, in the beginning, was but a simple act of levity, which escaped him in one of his idle moments: and I doubt not but he would have effaced it, had he been mildly admonished by some good friend; for he changes, in a new edition, all the chapter on liberty, which was found to be too bad.† Unfortunately the clergy interfered, and Locke could not brook their censures; but became more obstinate, and never again retraced his steps. Read his answer to the Bishop of Worcester; you will perceive in it a certain badly suppressed hauteur, a certain badly disguised acrimony, altogether natural to the man, who styled the English bishops, as you know, the *caput mortuum* of the House of Lords. Not that he did not feel in a confused way, true principles; but pride and prejudice were, with him, more strong than conscience. He will confess, as plainly as you wish, that *matter is EVIDENTLY, in its own nature, void of sense and thought*.‡ He will add, moreover, that *this thinking, eternal substance* is proved to be immaterial.§ At least, he presumes, from what he has said about the supposition of a system of matter thinking, (which there demonstrates that God is immaterial,) will permit, in the highest degree probable.|| You

† See of Power, Book II. chap. viii. § 71.

‡ Book IV. chap. iii. see notes. § Ibid.

|| See pages 141, 144, 145, 150, 167.

\* Book II. 21. 9.

might suppose that probability of the highest degree, being generally taken as certainty, that the question is decided. But not so. He will grant, if you will, that Omnipotence, not being able to operate on itself, it must necessarily permit its essence to be what it is: but he will not allow that there are created essences, which it kneads as it pleases. *In truth, he says, with sparkling wisdom, it were an absurd insolence to deny God the power of superadding a certain excellence to a certain portion of matter, by communicating to it vegetation, life, sentiment, and finally thought.\** This would be, in so many terms, to deny God the power of creating. *For, he says, a horse, for example, is a material animal, or an extended solid substance, with sense and spontaneous motion. . . . to some part of matter God can superadd motion. . . . But if one ventures to go one step farther, and says, God may give matter thought, reason, volition, . . . there are men ready presently to limit the power of the Omnipotent Creator.†* I totter, I must confess, under the weight of this argument. But as we must be just, even towards those whom we do not like, I will grant, willingly, that Locke may be excused to a certain degree, because

\* *Ibid.*† *I bid.* pag. 144.

he surely did not understand himself!"

"Every surprise that does not occasion evil, is a pleasure," remarked the Chevalier. "I cannot express how diverted I feel, at your saying *Locke did not understand himself*. If, by chance, you are right in this remark, you will bring me back a good distance."

"Nothing is less astonishing than your surprise, my amiable friend," returned the Count. You judge from the received prejudice, that Locke was a thinker. I consent, with all my heart, so to consider him, provided it be granted, (as it cannot, I think, be denied) that his thoughts do not carry him very far. He may have looked about a good deal, if you choose, but he saw little. He always stops at the first perception: and as soon as he begins to examine abstract ideas, his vision troubles him. I can give you a singular instance of this, which now presents itself to me.

He had said that bodies cannot act upon one another, but by means of contact:

*Tangere enim et tangi, nisi corpus, nulla potest res.‡*

‡ This maxim of Lucretius signifies nothing more or less than *that no body can be touched without being touched!*

# HORÆ VAGABUNDÆ,

OR HOURS OF TRAVEL.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

## A WORD, EN PASSANT.

I COMMENCED, in Cork, an innocent sketch of men and things, as they appeared before me in a land which I love—a land little understood on this side the Atlantic waters, and even by many of her own children, who, having mingled with the scenes and affairs of this Republic, lose the feeling and impression which their countrymen experience so freshly and deeply in the bosom of the country they have never left. My object was to catch the picture as it spread before my passing eye, and present it, as accurately as the time permitted, to the view of my readers. What I knew to be facts, I stated as facts: and it is one of these, indifferent in itself, that has provoked against me the animadversion of a portion of what is styled the Catholic press. That fact I fear not to repeat, for it is notorious to all travellers. My proposition was limited to the City of Cork. Not one word have I written concerning *Meath*, or the other parts of Ireland: although, in self-vindication, I will now add, that, having had the honor of participating widely and frequently in the hospitalities of the parish-priests and curates in the dioceses of Cork, Cloyne and Ross, Waterford, Limerick, and the archdiocese of Dublin, I do not remember to have encountered more than two or three exceptions to my general proposition.

In consequence of having recorded

this, a public fact, Catholic editors have covered me with abuse, charged me even with having “recklessly” mis-stated and misrepresented; and my veracity has been impeached by confronting some one who inhabited Cork, *seven months ago*, with me, who have just issued forth freshly and familiarly from the clerical circles of that delightful city.

The Editor of the *Philadelphia Catholic Herald* deplores the use I have made of my “gifted pen.” If Providence has endowed me with “*a gifted pen*,” from my earliest manhood, nay, even from my adolescence, that “*pen*” has been used in behalf of our religion. And it is no small consolation for me, even when assailed by the indiscreet criticism of *soi-disant* Catholic editors, to hope, that God, in his mercy, will pardon many of my faults on account of the use I have made, to the best of my poor abilities, of the “*gifted pen*” he has placed in my hands: and the truths I have asserted, and the cause I have vindicated, will plead for me against the accusations of reviewers, who, too often, give evidence more of the nature of *men* than of the guardians of religion.

Having made these remarks, more for the satisfaction of my Catholic friends, than through any heed on my own part, I enter again upon my familiar sketches.

## DOMINICAN CONVENT.

Among the inmates of this reli-



gious house, there is a clergyman well known in the United States, and especially in Philadelphia—I allude to the Rev. Mr. Ryan. It will be gratifying to his friends to hear, that though now advancing in years, his health is excellent, and he seems as active and buoyant as when he was among them in St. Joseph's Church. His inquiries about the families he was there intimately connected with were very minute; and the reminiscences of America appeared to excite him a good deal.

I have already mentioned the church belonging to this convent. Its exterior is unfinished, and so it must remain, until the necessary funds can be procured. I understand it owes its erection entirely to the perseverance of Father Russell, who scoured the whole kingdom for the purpose of making collections: and it must be a consolation to that distinguished friar to find his labors thus far so nobly crowned.

#### RIGHT REV. DR. CROTTY.

This venerable prelate, Bishop of Cloyne and Ross, is distinguished for his amiable qualities and accomplished manners. Though stooped with age, he is sound in mind, and extremely interesting in conversation. Having spent many of his younger years in Portugal, he seems to take peculiar delight in narrating events which occurred in by-gone days, particularly of an ecclesiastical character. When I presented my letter of introduction to him, he spoke in the highest and most affectionate terms of the Very Rev. Dr. Power, and seemed to take delight in pointing out the house which was once occupied as a seminary, over which that learned and highly distinguished ecclesiastic once presided.

The church of this venerable prelate is situated on an eminence which

commands a view of the entire bay of Cove. Its spire is very high, and in great taste, and is the most conspicuous object on approaching the town. The interior is plain, but commodious and ample. With Dr. Crotty, I had the honor of dining twice, and I will confess that he not only commanded my respect on account of his age and dignity, but likewise won my affection by the suavity and urbanity of his manners. The clergy are extremely attached to him, and look forward with intense sorrow to the approaching decline of that good and paternal prelate. My prayer is sincerely joined with theirs, that God may long preserve him to the Church of Ireland.

#### ECCLESIASTICAL DRESS.

The Bishops of Cork and Cloyne wear a peculiar dress, by which they are immediately designated. It consists of a body-coat cut in the old-fashioned way, with standing collar, the Roman stock, and shorts. The clergy here have no particular habit. They generally wear black, though in the country there appears to be no very rigid rubric in this particular. But if, perhaps, some may appear less clerical in dress (but *habitus non facit monachum*) than the priests in the United States, it must be recollected that they are known to the public without requiring any peculiar mark by which to distinguish them, and therefore they are left more *ad libitum* than if they were in a less Catholic country. I enter into these details as mere matters of information worthy to be noticed, and perhaps useful. I sketch what I see, like a correct painter, with accuracy and fidelity, and merely, thus far, in the diocesses above named.

#### DEBUT IN THE SOUTH CHAPEL.

According to the arrangements made by the Bishop, the 18th Sep-

tember was the Sunday specified for my first appearance in Ireland, in the pulpit. Tickets of invitation were sent out, which were couched in the following terms :

“The honor of your company is requested at a CHARITY SERMON, to be preached in aid of the female poor schools attached to the North Presentation Convent, on Sunday next, the 18th inst., at two o’clock, in the South Parish Chapel, by the Rev. Charles Constantine Pise, D.D., of New-York, U. S.”

The morning was rainy, and a great teetotal celebration taking place on the same day, at Passage, drew away many who otherwise would have been present. The chapel was, however, well filled ; the Bishop, Mayor, and many of the clergy of the city, were in attendance. I opened the discourse with the following exordium :

“I cannot be insensible to the honor conferred on me, a stranger from a far-off land, in being invited to appear before you on this occasion. And for this honor, I feel myself indebted to the partiality of your illustrious and venerated prelate, from whom, since my arrival in this your hospitable city, I have received marked tokens of kindness and consideration.

“Much have I read of this sainted Isle ; many and constant have been my relations with her children in a distant realm ; deep and intense my sympathies for their fate, and that of their native country : but I must confess that the realities which here have fallen upon my eye, and seized on my heart, surpass even the creations of a lively imagination. When, for the first time, I sailed up your beauteous river, and beheld the varied scenery of its borders ; when the deep verdure of the fields, and the golden harvests glowing in a clear bright sun, and the magnificent villas decorating the scene, broke

on my view ;—when in the midst of all this, as I neared your city, edifices sacred to religion and piety raised up their crosses towards the skies, I said to my heart, This is, indeed, a lovely and a hallowed Isle ! Yes, in sooth have I found it so : and I repeat, it is a high privilege for me to stand before you, on this day, a minister of the same faith, and a priest of the same religion which you profess, and for which, handed down from your early ancestors, you have ever proved your devotion—true in the midst of danger, unshaken in the midst of temptation, unconquerable in the midst of persecution. . . . .”

I concluded in the following terms :

“We are aware that Ireland is poor, their own demands numerous and urgent ; but we likewise know that she possesses in her heart an inexhaustible spring of liberality ; that there is a chain of sympathies, natural and religious, stretching across the Atlantic, and binding you by faith and blood to one another ; a chain which, if struck by the hand of religion, must vibrate, with intense emotion, from one extremity to the other. . . . .”

COLLMORE.

This splendid demesne is situated on the banks of the Carragline river, which encloses its waters, clear and sparkling, within as lovely a border as the eye might wish to feast on. Deep green valleys, and precipitous hills, vie with one another in the interest they excite in the breast of the spectator ; while the stream itself, sinuous in its course, is, in pleasant weather, animated with exulting boats, and merry rowers, making the scene busy as it is exquisite to behold. This is a common resort for the Corkonians, where they love to enjoy the rural pleasures of a *picnic*. To one of these I was invited

by the kindness of a family, no less Catholic than amiable, in the bosom of which I found a delightful welcome, and the hospitality of the heart. And it would be negligence on my part to pass by this opportunity without recording my thankful acknowledgments for the attentions and favors which they took delight in lavishing upon me, a stranger from afar.

#### BLARNEY CASTLE.

The untravelled reader will conceive strange ideas of the mention of Blarney ; and, perhaps, few have taken the trouble to inform themselves what kind of place it is. My own notions were indistinct, until I paid a visit to THOSE GROVES, which are famed in the national songs of Ireland. The Parish Priest of Blarney is a clergyman of the old school, a profound Irish scholar, and deeply versed in the archeology of his country. His sympathies for the Catholics of the United States are strong and true ; and the love of liberty for his native land burns intensely within his aged bosom.

"You come," said he, "for the purpose of procuring aid for your Church—would that I were wealthy. But, believe me, not a pound in this world can I call my own ; but for your Church, and for the sake of my old friend, DOCTOR POWER, I will borrow one, which I beg you will accept as my mite."

In effect, he requested me to accompany him to the counting-house of a Catholic merchant, from whom he obtained the money, and presented it to me, with tears in his eyes. The name of this good and venerable priest is Father Horrigan. God bless him, as he goes down the valley of years !

The history of this famous castle is known to every reader of Ireland's antiquities. It stands, as most of the antique castles do, on the margin of a stream, high and precipitous, in

a dismantled condition, surrounded by shapeless ruins, shaded by ancient thickly-clustering trees, and covered with ivy. The country over which it looks is rich, and beautifully varied ; presenting from its height, a landscape extremely agreeable to the eye, varied with cultivated plains, and sloping hills. The stone, which all travellers kiss, is the highest on the remaining battlement : but this, I was informed by the guide, is not the "real Blarney Stone ;" that, it is no easy task to reach : it is detached from the main wall, and hangs supported by an iron belt in such a manner, that it is a dangerous exploit, and certainly a difficult one, to approach it with the mouth.

A circumstance occurred at this place, which, trivial as it may at first sight appear, is worthy, when we reflect on it, to be recorded as a noble instance of fidelity and candor, which are often found in the breast of the young unsophisticated Irish peasant.

When the Rev. George Sheehan and myself quitted the carriage, for the purpose of ascending the castle, our horse was held by a healthy, fat little urchin, with flaxen hair, rosy cheeks, and an intellectual countenance. Around his neck I observed a rude ribbon which, induced me to inquire what it was he wore on his bosom. Instantly he drew out a medal, and holding it up—"The Pledge, sir," he smartly replied.

"Have you taken the pledge ?" I asked.

"Yes, your honor, from Father Mathew."

"Do you drink porter or whiskey now ?" said Mr. Sheehan, amusingly.

"No, your honor, I don't."

"Would you, were any one to offer it to you ?"

"By no means—not for anything."



"What do you drink, then, my little boy?" I asked.

"Water and buttermilk," was his off-hand and ingenuous answer.

This child was true to his pledge, and will be brought up in the most perfect sobriety. An admirable spectacle! which every humane and Christian heart must delight to behold. Who knows but this faithful

peasant boy, in the cycle of years, and the occurrence of future events, may become a mighty spirit in the land of his birth? Under his homely garb, there may be a master-mind, and a noble, generous heart, which may be called for in his country's need. Methinks it might be so——.

On returning from Blarney, I indulged in the following effusion:

I.

The Groves of Blarney I have seen,  
And wandered round its lake;  
And to those darksome groves have been,  
Where day-light cannot break.\*

II.

The Castle there, dismantled, frowns,  
Shook by barbaric power;  
And every stone thick ivy crowns  
Of battlement and tower.

III.

Here in these halls the baron bold,  
Well guarded from below,  
By brazen gates, in days of old,  
Defied the fiercest foe.

IV.

The Gothic arches still we trace,  
Half crumbling to decay:  
And mark, e'en yet, the sacred place,  
Where he was wont to pray.†

V.

And the broad fire-place, by whose hearth,  
When winter raged around,  
He mingled in the social mirth—  
Is still, half-ruined, found.

VI.

Up the dark stair-case, high and drear,  
I wound my way, alone;  
And—sentimental reader—there,  
*I kissed the Blarney Stone!*

Cork, Sept. 30, 1842.

\* Deep thickets, so twisted and curled together, that the sun cannot penetrate them.

† The chapel.

## THE SICK CHAMBER.

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

SHAKSPEARE.

"DEAR mother, is not that the bell I hear?"

"Yes, my child; the bell for morning prayers. It is Sunday to-day."

"I had forgotten it. But now all days are alike to me. Hark! it sounds again — louder — louder. Open the window, for I love the sound. There; the sunshine and the fresh morning air revive me. And the church-bell—oh, mother—it reminds me of the holy Sabbath mornings by the Loire—so calm, so hushed, so beautiful! Now give me my prayer-book, and draw the curtain back, that I may see the green trees and the church spire. I feel better to-day, dear mother."

It was a bright, cloudless morning in August. The dew still glistened on the trees; and a slight breeze wafted to the sick-chamber of Jacqueline the song of the birds, the rustle of the leaves, and the solemn chime of the church-bells. She had been raised up in bed, and reclining upon the pillow, was gazing wistfully upon the quiet scene without. Her mother gave her the prayer-book, and then turned away to hide a tear that stole down her cheek.

At length the bells ceased. Jacqueline crossed herself, kissed a pearl crucifix that hung around her neck, and opened the silver clasps of her missal. For a time she seemed wholly absorbed in her devotions. Her lips moved—but no sound was audible. At intervals the solemn

voice of the priest was heard at a distance, and then the confused responses of the congregation, dying away in inarticulate murmurs. Ere long, the thrilling chant of the Catholic service broke upon the ear. At first it was low, solemn, and indistinct—then it became more earnest and entreating, as if interceding and imploring pardon for sin—and then arose louder and louder, full, harmonious, majestic, as it wafted the song of praise to heaven—and suddenly ceased. Then the sweet tones of the organ were heard—trembling, thrilling, and rising higher and higher, and filling the whole air with their melodious music. What exquisite accords!—what noble harmonies!—What touching pathos!—The soul of the sick girl seemed to kindle into more ardent devotion, and to be rapt away to heaven in the full harmonious chorus, as it swelled onward, doubling and redoubling, and rolling upward in a full burst of rapturous devotion.—Then all was hushed again. Once more the low sound of the bell smote the ear, and announced the elevation of the host. The invalid seemed entranced in prayer. Her book had fallen beside her—her hands were clasped—her eyes closed—her soul retired within its secret chambers. Then a more triumphant peal of bells arose. The tears gushed from her closed and swollen eyelids; her cheek was flushed; she opened her dark eyes, and fixed them with an expression of deep

adoration and penitence upon an image of the Saviour on the cross, which hung at the foot of her bed, and her lips again moved in prayer. Her countenance expressed the deepest resignation. She seemed to ask only that she might die in peace, and go to the bosom of her Redeemer.

The mother was kneeling by the window, with her face concealed in the folds of the curtain. She arose, and, going to the bed-side of her child, threw her arms around her, and burst into tears.

"My dear mother, I shall not live long—I feel it here. This piercing pain—at times it seizes me, and I cannot—cannot breathe."

"My child, you will be better soon."

"Yes, mother, I shall be better soon. All tears and pain and sorrow will be over. I have just heard what I shall never hear again on earth. Next Sabbath, mother, kneel again by that window, as to-day. I shall not be here, upon this bed of pain and sickness, but when you hear the solemn hymn of worship, and the beseeching tones that wing the spirit up to God, think, mother, that I am there—with my sweet sister, who has gone before us—kneeling at our Saviour's feet, and happy—oh, how happy!"

The afflicted mother made no reply—her heart was too full to speak.

"You remember, mother, how calmly Amie died. Poor child, she was so young and beautiful!—I always pray that I may die as she did. I do not fear death as I did before she was taken from us. But oh—this pain—this cruel pain—it seems to draw my mind back from heaven. When it leaves me, I shall die in peace."

"My poor child!—God's holy will be done!"

The invalid soon sank into a quiet slumber. The excitement was over,

and exhausted nature sought relief in sleep.

The persons between whom this scene passed, were a widow and her sick daughter, from the neighborhood of Tours. They had left the banks of the Loire to consult the more experienced physicians of the metropolis, and had been directed to the *Maison de Sante* at Auteuil, for the benefit of the pure air. But all in vain. The health of the suffering, but uncomplaining patient, grew worse and worse, and it soon became evident that the closing scene was drawing near.

Of this Jacqueline herself seemed conscious; and toward evening she expressed a wish to receive the last sacraments of the church. A priest was sent for; and ere long the tinkling of a little bell in the street announced his approach. He bore in his hand a silver vase containing the consecrated wafer, and a small vessel filled with the holy oil of the extreme unction, hung from his neck. Before him walked a boy carrying a little bell, whose sound announced the passing of these symbols of the Catholic faith. In the rear, a few of the villagers, bearing lighted wax tapers, formed a short and melancholy procession. They soon entered the sick chamber, and the glimmer of the tapers mingled with the red light of the setting sun, that shot his farewell rays through the open window. The vessel of oil and the vase containing the consecrated wafers were placed upon the table, in front of a crucifix that hung upon the wall, and all present, excepting the priest, threw themselves upon their knees. The priest then approached the bed of the dying girl, and said in a slow and solemn tone:

"The King of kings and Lord of lords has passed thy threshold. Is thy spirit ready to receive him?"

"It is, father."



"Hast thou confessed thy sins?"

"Holy father, no."

"Confess thyself, then, that thy sins may be forgiven, and thy name recorded in the book of life."

And turning to the kneeling crowd around, he waved his hand for them to retire, and was left alone with the sick girl. He seated himself beside her pillow, and the subdued whisper of the confession mingled with the murmur of the evening air, which lifted the heavy folds of the curtains, and stole in upon the holy scene. Poor Jacquelin had few sins to confess—a secret thought or two towards the pleasures and delights of the world—a wish to live, unuttered, but which to the eye of her self-accusing spirit seemed to resist the wise providence of God—no more. The confession of a meek and lowly heart is soon made. The door was again opened—the attendants entered, and knelt around the bed, and the priest proceeded:

"And now prepare thyself to receive with contrite heart the body of our blessed Lord and Redeemer. Dost thou believe that our Lord Jesus Christ was conceived by the Holy Spirit, and born of the Virgin Mary?"

"I believe."

And all present joined in the solemn response—

"I believe."

"Dost thou believe that the Father is God, that the Son is God, and that the Holy Spirit is God—three persons, and one God?"

"I believe."

Dost thou believe that the Son is seated on the right hand of the Majesty on high, whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead?"

"I believe."

"Dost thou believe that by the holy sacraments of the church, thy sins are forgiven thee, and that thus thou art made worthy of eternal life?"

"I believe."

"Dost thou pardon, with all thy heart, all who have offended thee in thought, word, or deed?"

"I pardon them."

"And dost thou ask pardon of God and thy neighbor, for all offences thou hast committed against them, either in thought, word or deed?"

"I do."

"Then repeat after me; O Lord Jesus, I am not worthy, nor do I merit, that thy Divine Majesty should enter this poor tenement of clay; but according to thy holy promises be my sins forgiven, and my soul washed white from all transgression."

Then taking a consecrated wafer from the vase, he placed it before the lips of the dying girl, and, while the assistant sounded the little silver bell, said:

*"Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam eternam."*—"The body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve thy soul unto life everlasting.")

And the kneeling crowd smote their breasts, and responded in one solemn voice:

"Amen."

The priest then took from the silver box on the table a little golden rod, and dipping it in holy oil, anointed the invalid upon the hands, feet and breast, in the form of the cross. When these ceremonies were completed, the priest and his attendants retired, leaving the mother alone with her dying child, who, from the exhaustion caused by the preceding scene, sank into a death-like sleep.

"Between two worlds life hovered like a star,

'Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge."

The long twilight of a summer evening stole on: the shadows deepened without, and the night-lamp

glimmered feebly in the sick-chamber; but still she slept. She was lying with her hands clasped upon her breast—her pallid cheek resting upon the pillow, and her bloodless lips apart, but motionless and silent as the sleep of death. Not a breath interrupted the silence of her slumber. Not a movement of the heavy and sunken-eyelid—not a trembling

of the lip—not a shadow on the marble brow told when the spirit took its flight.” It passed to a better world than this.

“There’s a perpetual spring—perpetual youth;  
No joint-benumbing cold, nor scorching heat,  
Famine, nor age have any being there.”

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WE are permitted to extract the following characteristic passage from a poem now in course of publication by J. AUGUSTUS SHEA, whose contributions have so frequently appeared in the *Expositor*. The title of the work is

## CLONTARF:

OR,

### THE LAST SIGH OF THE DANE.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

NOT fond the less but sterner far  
The father bless'd his manly boy,  
Spoke thrillingly of freedom's war,  
And all its pageantry of joy.  
Of battles, arms and chieftains bold,  
And glories of the days of old.  
Emania's Red-Branch Knights, and all  
The wars of Mlorni and Fingall:  
And ran the current down of time  
Thro' scenes endear'd and deeds sublime:  
Told how his own good sword and shield  
Flash'd fear thro' many a hostile field;  
And sigh'd that he could not again  
Mix in the strife of valiant men,  
And that his aged limbs became  
Inglorious recreants of his name;  
And then, inspir'd, gave thanks to heaven  
That to his heart and home was given  
A son to vindicate his fame,  
And wave the half-expiring flame  
In freedom's torch-race as the bold

Hellenic youths were wont of old.  
Then, tottering to its resting place,  
That sword of triumphs he would take,  
“Gird on this heir-dom of our race  
And wield it for thy country’s sake!”  
Thus would he say, with feeling strong,  
And thus would twine the gift with song.  
Strong pulse of my bosom,  
Fair light of my brow,  
I never have lov’d thee  
More fondly than now;  
Than now that I give thee  
To foe and to field,  
To conquer or perish,  
But never to yield.  
Take the sword of thy father;  
A field’s to be won.  
Let it flash o’er that field  
Like the beams from the sun.  
If it sink, let it be  
With the pride of its dawn;  
As bright with its heaven  
As when it was drawn.  
By the skill of a freeman  
For freedom ’twas made.  
In the hand of a freeman  
’Twill not be betray’d.  
I have lov’d it; how dearly  
Yon heaven can see,  
Almost with the love-spell  
That binds me to thee.  
That sword once was light  
As a rush in my hand,  
But now I can scarcely  
Its motion command.  
No matter! come hither!  
Come hither, my boy!  
There! take it! Oh God,  
What fulfillment of joy.  
Go forth in young glory;  
Go, vanquish the Dane,  
And swell the proud story  
Our land must retain.  
Go! leave not a footprint  
Of foes on our sod,  
For glory and Erin,  
For freedom and God.



## CONVERSION OF THE ENGLISH NATION.

TRANSLATED FROM VENERABLE BEDE'S HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF  
ENGLAND.

THE same venerable Pontiff, of whom we have just now spoken, soon after this, sent an epistle to Etherius, the Archbishop of Arles, on which he requested him to receive Austin kindly, in his way to Britain. The tenor of it is as follows :

*“Gregory, the Servant of the Servants of God,*

*“To the Right Rev. Etherius, our most holy brother, and fellow-bishop,*

*“Although religious men stand not in need of recommendation with prelates who possess that charity which is pleasing to God, yet, as a favorable opportunity of writing to you, brother, offered itself, we gladly embraced it, that we might inform you, that Austin, the servant of God, and bearer of this letter, with whose zeal we are well acquainted, has been sent, with other servants of God, his companions, by us, with the help of the Lord, to gain souls. For this purpose he will stand in need of the exertions of your holy zeal and charity, which we trust, will not be wanting to make him comfortable. We have given directions to him, to explain fully to you the motives of his present journey, that you may be induced to assist him the more readily, for we doubt not but you will, on account of your piety towards God, apply yourself with the greatest alacrity to provide him with what*

*is necessary, when you shall hear from himself the excellent motive of his coming amongst you.*

*“We likewise, in all things, recommend to your charity our common son Candidus, the priest whom we have sent to govern the church, which is our peculiar patrimony. May God preserve your health, most reverend brother. Given this twenty-third of July, in the fourteenth year of the reign of our sovereign lord Mauritius Tiberius, our most pious Emperor, and the thirteenth year since his consulship; the fourteenth indiction.”*

Austin and his companions, feeling their courage revive by the exhortation of the holy father, resolved to brave all dangers, and, therefore, without any further demur, proceeded to the place where he destined them to preach the word of God. Ethelbert was at that time the most potent king of Kent, who had extended his dominions as far as the great river Humber, which divides the kingdom of Northumberland from the other six, which lie to the south of it. On the east side of Kent is the Isle of Thanet, which is about sixty miles in circumference, and is separated from the main land by the river Wantsum, which is three furlongs in breadth, and fordable only in two places, below the place where it is divided into two streams, called the greater and smaller Stour. Here the servant of God, Austin, and his companions, who are said to have been about for-

ty in number, disembarked. They had, by the direction of the blessed Pope Gregory, brought with them interpreters of the nation of the Franks. Austin, sending these to King Ethelbert, signified that he was come from Rome, and had brought a joyful message, which most undoubtedly assured all that took the advantage of it, everlasting joys in heaven, and a kingdom that would never end, with the living and true God. The king, in answer to this, commanded them to remain where they were, till he should signify his pleasure concerning them, and that they should be furnished in the mean time, with everything which they wanted; for he had heard a favorable account of the Christian religion, before, from his consort Bertha, who was of the royal family of the Franks, whom he had received in marriage from her parents, upon condition that she should have liberty to practice the rites of the Christian religion, and that she should take with her a bishop of the name of Luidbard, to assist her to preserve her faith inviolate.

A few days after, the king came into the island, and, sitting in the open air, ordered Austin and his companions to be brought into his presence. He took the precaution not to admit them into any house to him, observing the ancient superstition of his nation, lest they should impose on him, and their enchantments, if they designed to employ any such thing, should take effect. But they, armed, not with any diabolical or magical art, but with the divine power, bearing before them a silver cross for their banner, and a picture of our Lord and Saviour

painted on a board, singing the Litanies, and offering up their prayers to the Lord, for their own, and the eternal salvation of those, to whom and for whom they were come. Having sat down, as the king requested them, and preached to them, and all his attendants there present, the Word of Life, he answered them thus: "Your words and promises are very fair, but as they are new and uncertain, I cannot abandon that religion, which I and the whole English nation have so long followed, to give credit to them. Nevertheless, as you are strangers here, and are come so far through a desire, as it appears to us, of imparting to this kingdom the knowledge of those things which you believe to be true and most beneficial, we will not molest you, but receive you with kind hospitality, and take care to supply you with everything which you may want for your support; nor do we forbid you to persuade as many as you can, by preaching, to embrace the religion which you profess."

Accordingly, he gave them a residence in the city of Canterbury, (which was the metropolis of his kingdom,) and as he had promised, supplied them with everything necessary for their maintenance, and allowed them to preach. It is said, that, as they approached the city, carrying before them, as was their custom, the holy cross, and image of the great king our Lord Jesus Christ, they sang in consort this prayer: "We beseech thee, O Lord, according to all thy mercy, that thy wrath and indignation may be turned away from this city, and from thy holy house, for we have sinned. Alleluja!"

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

RT. REV. JOHN ENGLAND, LATE BISHOP OF CHARLESTON.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

I.

A GLORY hath departed :  
A vision hath retired :  
A planet bright with holiness  
Hath in mid-heav'n expired.  
A saint of God's creation  
Hath pass'd away from earth ;  
A spirit full of grace hath sought  
His home of heavenly birth.

II.

But all his gospel splendors  
Remain among us yet,  
In all the mellow'd truthfulness  
Of day whose source is set.  
The glad and golden promise  
That passeth not away—  
The living truth—the spoken light  
Of everlasting day.

III.

How beautiful the evidence,  
The mem'ry how sublime,  
Of those whose life, etherealized,  
Outlives the death of time.  
Who by the rock of ages,  
Where Titan billows toss,  
Lean on the anchor of the faith—  
The refuge of the cross.

IV.

I've seen the sacred mitre  
First placed on ENGLAND'S brow,  
I've seen him bear the gospel weight,  
And heard his virgin vow.

I've seen him leave his native isle,  
To minister afar—  
The prophet of the wilderness  
Beneath the western star.

V.

He's been religion's pilgrim—  
The Propaganda's voice,  
That cried unto the dead in soul,  
"Awake! arise! rejoice!"  
And now from toil reposing,  
He shareth the reward—  
The good and faithful servant's gift—  
The sunlight of the Lord.

VI.

No more the crowded temple,  
No more the Senate sage,  
Shall hear through him the thunders dread  
Of heaven's inspired page :  
No more from him the Islands learn  
God's vindicated law,  
What Paul at Rome and Athens preach'd,  
And rapt Ezekiel saw.

VII.

On whom shall fall his mantle—  
The robe of awful trust,  
To tell that God alone is life,  
And man but moulded dust ?  
Pray, pray, ye circling nations,  
The SPIRIT to descend,  
And give to Christians such a chief—  
To mankind such a friend.



## FROM STEPHENS' "INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL."

WE entered by a large and ruined gateway into a place distinctly marked as having been a street, and, from the broken columns strewed on each side, probably having been lined with a colonnade. I let my reins fall upon my horse's neck; he moved about in the slow and desultory way that suited my humor; now sinking to his knees in heaps of rubbish, now stumbling over a Corinthian capital, and now sliding over a marble pavement. The whole hillside is covered with ruins to an extent far greater than I expected to find, and they are all of a kind that tends to give a high idea of the ancient magnificence of the city. To me, these ruins appeared to be a confused and shapeless mass; but they have been examined by antiquaries with great care, and the character of many of them identified with great certainty. I had, however, no time for details; and, indeed, the interest of these ruins in my eyes was not in the details. It mattered little to me that this was the stadium and that a

fountain; that this was a gymnasium and that a market-place; it was enough to know that the broken columns, the mouldering walls, the grass-grown streets, and the wide-extended scene of desolation and ruin around me were all that remained of one of the greatest cities of Asia, one of the earliest Christian cities in the world. But what do I say? Who does not remember the tumults and confusion raised by Demetrius the silversmith, "lest the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence be destroyed;" and how the people, having caught "Caius and Aristarchus, Paul's companions in travel," rushed with one accord into the theatre, crying out, "great is Diana of the Ephesians." My dear friend, I sat among the ruins of that theatre; the stillness of death was around me; far as the eye could reach, not a living soul was to be seen save my two companions and a group of lazy Turks smoking at the coffee-house in Aysalook.

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